

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,520

JANUARY 14, 1899

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GLEANER, JANUARY 14, 1899

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899

WITH TWO COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE NINEPENCE
"Fearful Odds" and "Fair Rosamund's Bower" [By Post, 9½d.



F.C.D.

C. HENTSCHEL. 55.

TABASCO
(Mr. Lytton)

THE KING
(Mr. Passmore)

SIROCO
(Mr. Paxton)

LAOULA
(Miss Vincent)

ALVES
(Miss Jay)

"THE LUCKY STAR": THE NEW OPERA AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

THE GRAPHIC

Topics of the Week

THE latest development of the Dreyfus case REVOLUTION—ridiculous though it must seem to any sane person—has justly aroused the most serious apprehensions for the immediate future of ANARCHY? France. M. de Beaurepaire's sensational resignation of the Presidency of the Civil Chamber of the Court of Cassation, and his violent attack on the Criminal section of that tribunal—which is now engaged in the investigation of the Dreyfus case—has certainly had the effect of shaking public confidence in the Supreme Court. The half of the nation which sides with the forgers of the General Staff, and howls against any revision of the Dreyfus case because it is calculated to upset the anti-Semitic doctrine, is only too glad to join M. de Beaurepaire in his anarchical adventure, and help him pull down a Court which is the last bulwark of equity and common sense in France. To them M. de Beaurepaire brings the conviction that whatever the Court of Cassation may decide, it cannot be regarded as final. He has given mischief-mongers an excuse for saying publicly that they will not, and that they need not, be convinced by the Supreme Court. On the other hand, the Dreyfusards themselves cannot but feel their confidence in the Court somewhat shaken when they think that M. de Beaurepaire himself has been one of its most prominent members. If it is possible that one man of so unjudicial a temper, of so puerile a vanity, and of such ungovernable prejudices can find a seat in the Supreme Court, why not others? Hence even the Dreyfusards must begin to feel uneasy with regard to the absolute irreproachability of the Court of Cassation. Now what does this mean? If uprightness is not to be expected from the Court of Cassation—the supreme expression of French justice—the Republic, and, indeed, the whole social fabric of France, must be considered as tottering on the verge of anarchy. Everything else in the country is compromised. The Chamber still reeks of the corruption of Panama; Ministries are feeble and incapable; the Army is disgraced by the avowed felonies of the General Staff; the Presidency itself is laughed at for its shoddy Protocol and despised for its parvenuism. There is not a bright spot in the whole State. If the Senate is respectable its members are generally old and of mediocre ability. Popular disaffection reigns everywhere in France. The Republic has dissatisfied everybody. It has given France neither domestic peace, nor commercial prosperity, nor national prestige. It has accumulated deceptions on every side, and has brought the nation face to face with moral bankruptcy. The fault, however, is not wholly in the Republic, and this is the gravest feature of the present situation. No people can produce a Government better than itself, and the essential weakness and rottenness of the present régime in France is due to the fact that the present generation of Frenchmen is in the bulk inferior, morally and mentally, to its predecessors. The proof of this may be found in the fact that with a political situation which is absolutely intolerable nothing is changed. Even the genius for revolution has forsaken the people which formerly always knew how to extricate itself from a crisis by upsetting the offending institutions and building anew. Its pretenders are pasteboard figures; its would-be dictators are, as Jules Ferry said of General Boulanger, "St. Arnauds de Café Concert." Meanwhile discontent increases on every side, and it is clear that if Revolution is not possible a hitherto unexperienced form of Anarchy must develop itself. A country cannot live with a form of government which is despised, with an administration too weak or too cowardly to assure order and discipline in its own ranks, with an Army which no one trusts, not even its own officers, with judicial tribunals which cannot command respect, and with a general moral sense which has become so debased that vulgar crimes are no longer regarded as sinful or even anti-social.

The 6th prox. will be a fateful day both for the Opposition and for the Government. On the choice then made by the Liberal members of a leader in the Lower House will largely depend whether the party in can discharge the constitutional obligations appertaining to Her Majesty's Opposition. The unfortunate circumstance is that not one of the candidates for the thankless post vacated by Sir William Harcourt commands the united support of the party as a whole. Each has his own band of faithful followers, while their respective claims are so equally balanced that the choice cannot be determined by "comparative analysis." Mr. Asquith has done good service, but so have Sir Edward Grey and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, while each has his own qualifications and disqualifications for the Leadership. If, therefore, the Liberal members have to fill the post by voting, it is pretty certain that the fissiparous tendency which has latterly rendered the party so impotent will have fresh developments. But in these crises the result is usually arranged beforehand by "underground" influences. By a process of elimination well known to Caucus controllers, the less eligible candidates and those who "divide the most" are persuaded to give place to the more eligible and those who "divide the least." After one or two repetitions of this sifting, always behind the

scenes, all except one candidate disappear, and when the election takes place he receives unanimous approval. We make little question that February 6 will witness an election of that character; already there are rumours that Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey are disinclined to fill the vacancy.

The despatch of a small British force to garrison Khartoum rectifies the only mistake laid to Lord Kitchener's account by military experts. They pronounced that he accepted great and unnecessary risk by withdrawing the whole of the white troops from the Soudan. Financial considerations partly moved him, no doubt, to do that; there was also very severe strain on the relief arrangements of the English army, owing to so many battalions being shut up in Egypt. All the same, it was the general pronouncement among those personally acquainted with the Soudan that the disappearance of Tommy Atkins might, at any moment, give rise to mischief. A right good thing, therefore, is it that he is once more in evidence at the scene of his recent prowess. True, if there was a rising, 250 Royal Irish Fusiliers could not, of themselves, do much to put it down. But they would supply the "stiffening" which all native troops, whether Asiatic or African, need at critical moments, while their presence at Khartoum will be a standing warning to the discontented to lie low. Even from a purely political standpoint there is much to be said for the change of plan. It enforces Lord Cromer's late association of the Queen with the Khedive as joint rulers of the enormous stretch of country recovered for Egypt by Lord Kitchener. That glorious and fateful conquest was carried out by the troops of both Sovereigns, and it would have seemed as if England were disposed to back out from the liabilities involved had none but Egyptian and Soudanese soldiers been available to execute the Governor-General's decrees. Possibly, some European Powers might have fallen into that misconception.

Statue of the Queen to be Erected at Durban

TOWARDS the close of 1896 the Municipal Corporation of Durban, Natal, resolved to erect a statue of the Queen, in order to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee. The work was entrusted to Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., by whom it has just been completed.



It will be despatched to Durban about the middle of next month, and will be immediately erected in the Town Gardens. The statue is of the finest Sicilian marble, and is about 10 feet in height. The pedestal is also of marble, and about 11 feet high. The total cost of the statue and pedestal will be over 2,000/.

Court and Club

By "MARMADUKE"

THE death of the Duke of Northumberland has incidentally disclosed a fact not known to the general public, to wit, that certain families still possess private vaults in Westminster Abbey. It would be interesting to know how many of such private vaults there are in the Abbey, how they came into the possession of the families who own them, and the names of those who have the privilege of being interred in the midst of the great dead of the nation? The only monument erected in memory of a Percy in the Abbey stands in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. This is in honour of the Duchess of Northumberland, who died in 1776.

Another curious item which is known to few is that both the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington, even to this day, have to present each year a small French flag to the Sovereign as part of their tenure of Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye. The Duke has kindly returned two of the flags to the Duke of Wellington, who utilises them as ornaments at Strathfieldsaye. The custom, it is said, has originated with the original Duke of Marlborough. For some learned antiquarian may be found who will explain why this singular tribute was at first exacted, and how it came to be adopted in the case of the Duke of Wellington.

Notwithstanding that England is the country of clubs, the majority of men who belong to such institutions have little or no knowledge of club law. There is a prevalent belief that a member who fails to pay his subscription, and so ceases to belong to a club, cannot be sued for the amount due. This is an absolute fallacy. According to the rules of almost every club a member must give notice a full month in advance of his intention to resign, and, if he fails to do this, the subscription is recoverable at law, though his membership has lapsed.

The late Sir George Jessel, when Master of the Rolls, decided several decisions in connection with club disputes, and, indeed, he may be regarded as the maker of such club law as there is. He almost invariably decided in favour of the committee, holding that in this body was centred the entire management of the club, and he gave it little less than autocratic power. So strongly did he emphasize the point that it seldom now occurs that a club dispute finds its way to the public courts, though twenty years ago such litigation was by no means uncommon.

It is common property that the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild frequently gave fabulous sums for pictures and art treasures. Many seem to imagine that in this he showed little discrimination, and simply indulged his taste without reference to the actual value of the objects which he purchased. This is altogether erroneous. Baron Ferdinand was literally an art expert, and could almost at a glance discern the value of any work of art which was submitted to him. He seldom purchased such a work unless it was a veritable masterpiece.

The number of such masterpieces is very limited, and, almost annually, there are less of them, through some being destroyed by fire or by other means. Meanwhile the market for these commodities is considerably more extended than it ever was, for there are more rich men now than formerly, and there are buyers not only in Europe, but in America, in Australia and in Africa. The value of masterpieces of art is therefore bound to rise continually, and, high as the prices of these are now, they will be doubled and even trebled in the near future. By the way, it was a peculiarity of the late Baron Ferdinand that few things annoyed him more than being asked how much he had paid for this or that treasure which he possessed.

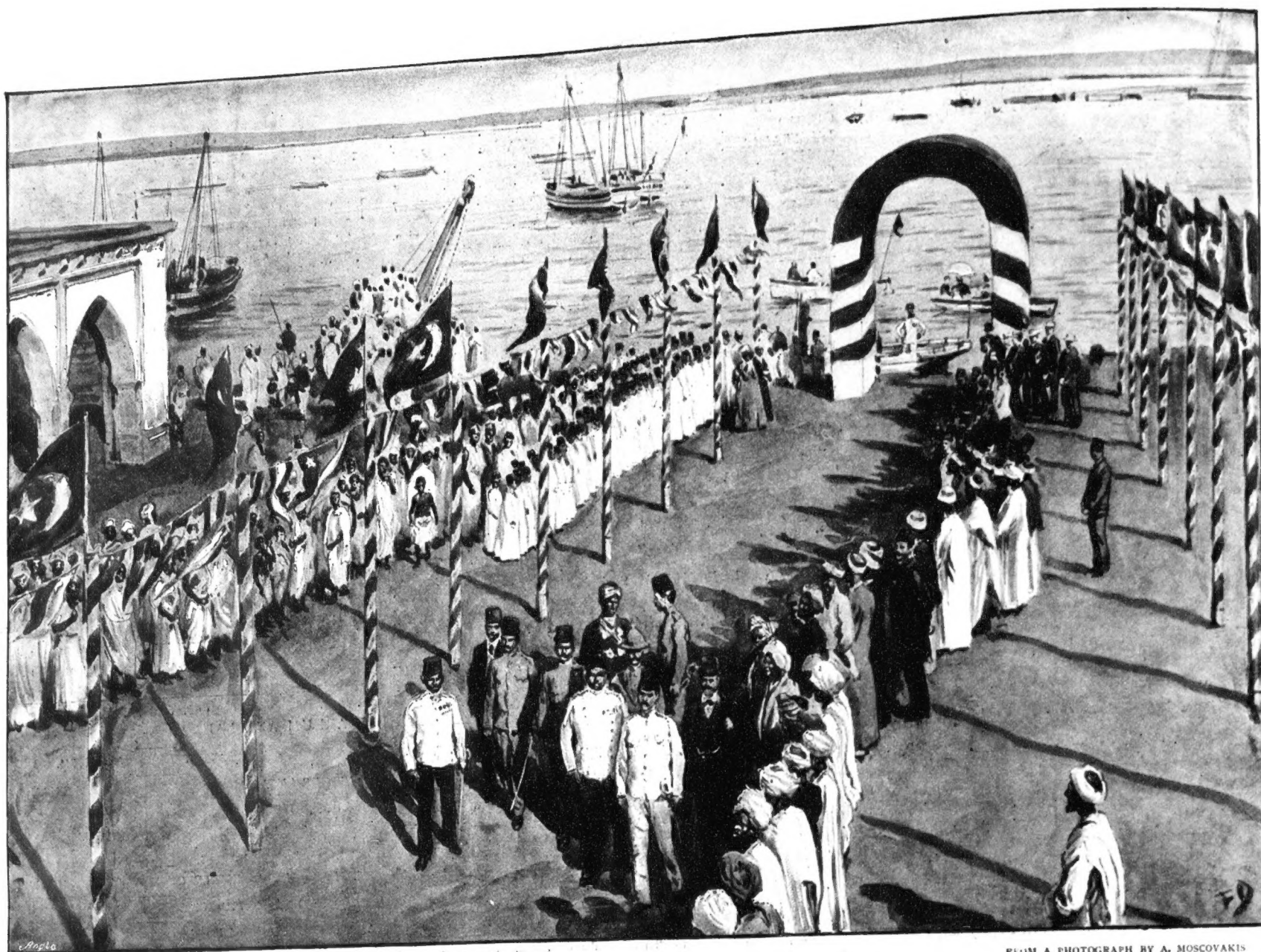
There is a castle in Bohemia most of the furniture in which was presented by Marie Antoinette. Not a piece of this has been removed since then. What a treasure house this will prove one day, to the art-dealing world! There are also a few country houses in Spain in which art-treasures have been for generations. There must, indeed, be several of the kind throughout Europe, but when these have been emptied the sum total of masterpieces which the world possesses will be known. There are few treasures in Great Britain the existence of which is not known to the dealers and collectors.

The late Lord Winchilsea devoted his life, his energies, and his fortune to the cause of agriculture in Great Britain, and his anxiety did his efforts in this regard entail upon him a doubtfully accelerated death. It has now been decided to set up a fund for the purpose of commemorating his memory, and the cause which he had so much at heart. One-half of the fund is to be presented to Lady Winchilsea to distribute in such manner as would be most consonant with his wishes. The other half is to be devoted partly to purchasing annuities for the benefit of distressed farmers and partly to the relief of distressed labourers. It is much to be hoped that the many who knew the late Lord Winchilsea personally, and admired his talents and his generous efforts, as also those who only knew him by repute, will contribute towards so excellent a project.

AN earnest appeal has recently been made to the benevolence of the public on behalf of the Royal Normal College for the Blind. And now the principal, Dr. Campbell, has pointed out that, after two years' experience of the working of the arrangement by which the College was transferred to the control of the School Board, "all parties now recognise that its national character cannot be maintained under existing conditions." If the great work required by this institution is to go on it must be placed on an independent footing; and for that purpose a sum of 25,000/ is required. The Queen has replied to the Duke of Westminster's appeal by a contribution, and a warm expression of her personal interest in its success. Of the real value of the education given at the College some idea may be formed from the fact that in less than 25,000/ was earned last year by certificated graduates of the institution. This, be it remembered, was achieved by a class of persons placed by physical affliction at a tremendous disadvantage. The battle of life is mostly hard enough to fight, even with every natural advantage. How much more, then, for those who have to fight it in the dark? There is no more deserving institution in the country than the Royal Normal College for the Blind.

There is a Thin-paper Edition printed, the rate for which abroad is 33s. per annum; but as the appearance of the illustrations on this paper is so *inferior* in comparison, subscribers are particularly invited to order any of the editions quoted above in preference.

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publishers,
THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, 180, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

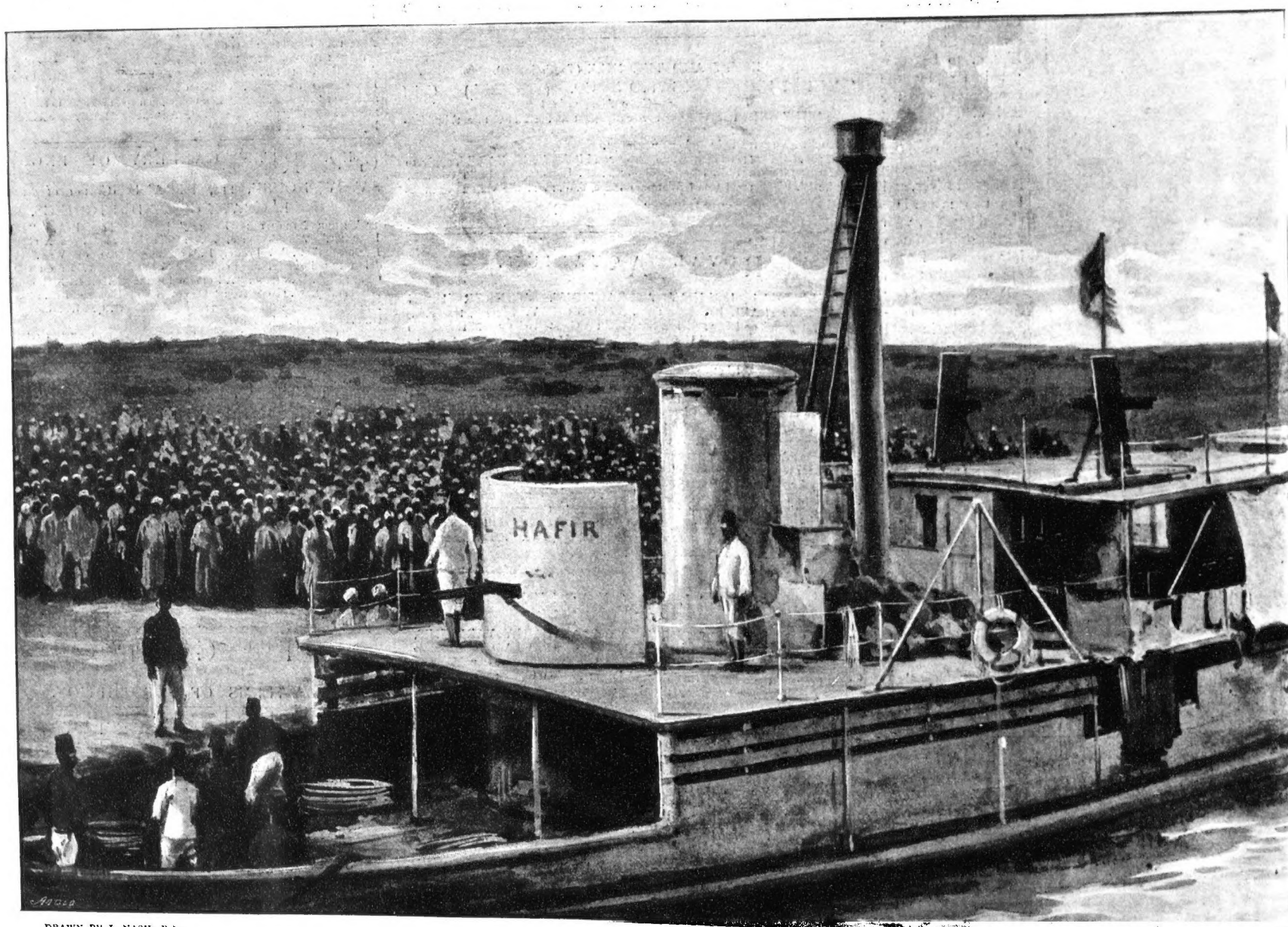


DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Colonel Parsons, after having utterly defeated a force of 3,000 Dervishes under Ahmed Fedil, returned to Suakin, where his arrival was the signal for a great outbreak of enthusiasm on the part of the inhabitants and Arab tribes of the district, who fully appreciated the significance of his victory over the Dervishes. The

welcome received by Colonel Parsons was one of which he could well feel proud. Our illustration shows the Colonel just after he had landed from the launch.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF GEDAREF: WELCOMING COLONEL PARSONS ON HIS RETURN TO SUAKIN

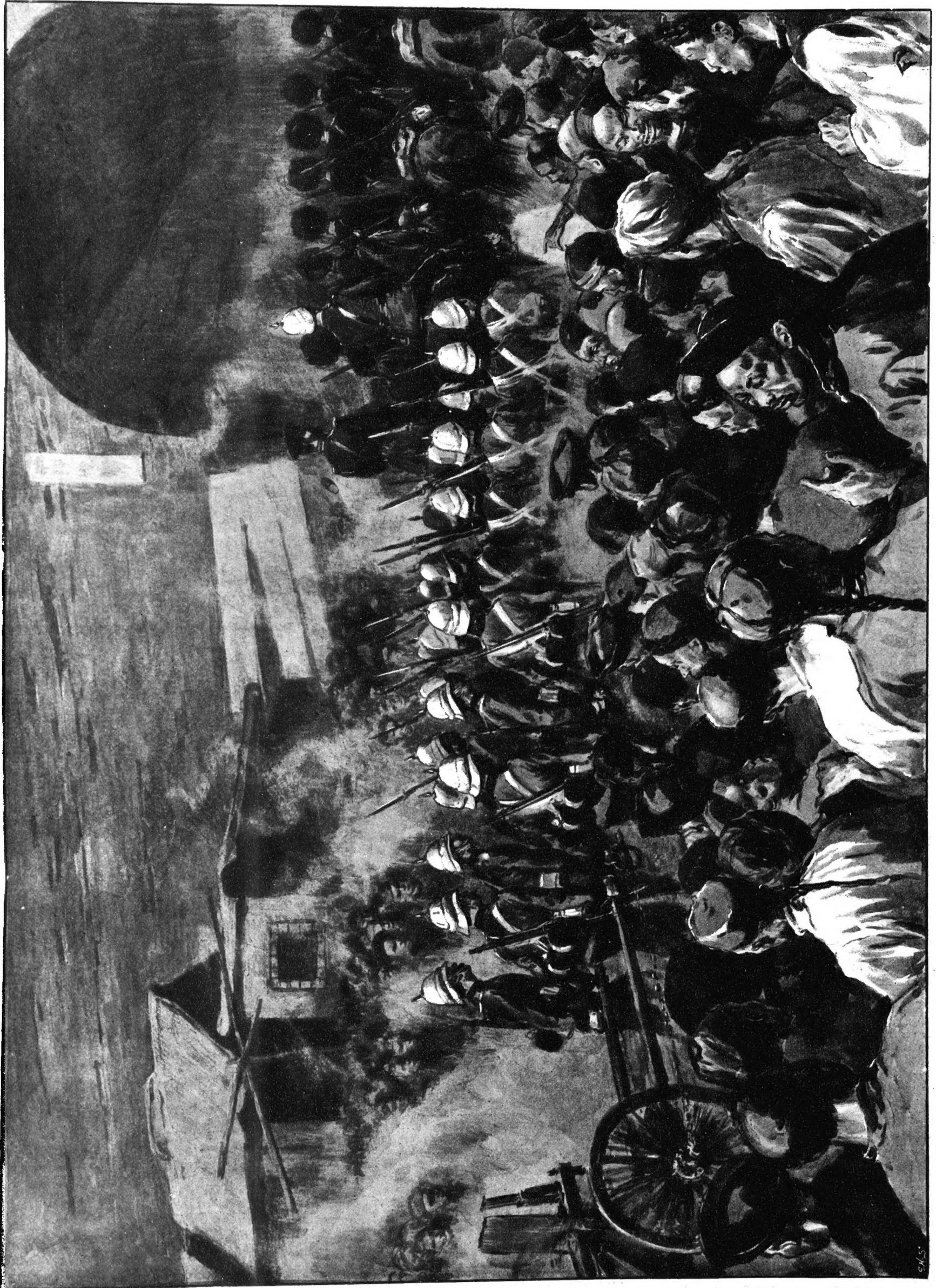


DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

Rosaires, just to the south of which Colonel Lewis defeated the Dervishes on December 26, is situated on the Blue Nile some 300 miles from Khartoum. It is the most southerly Anglo-Egyptian post on the river. The photograph from which this illustration is drawn was taken early in December, and shows the arrival of the

gunboat *El Hafir*, commanded by Lieutenant Staveley, R.N., at Rosaires, where she was cordially greeted by the natives, and the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted.

THE ARRIVAL OF AN EGYPTIAN GUNBOAT AT ROSAIRES, THE SOUTHERNMOST ANGLO-EGYPTIAN POST



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

After the *corps d'élite* the attitude of the Chinese towards foreigners became very threatening, and the European Ministers applied for marines and bluejackets from their respective warships to be sent up to form guards for their protection. The first to land was the British, consisting of thirty men and a machine gun. They were unable to get beyond Tientsin, the Chinese objecting to any foreign troops entering Peking. The troops were delayed five days, and in the meantime the Russian guard also arrived at Tientsin—thirty-five Cossacks and thirty bluejackets, with a gun, and they were followed by thirty Germans. After much trouble and many threats the Chinese consented to despatch a special train to Peking, with all three guards. Our illustration shows the men entering the big city gate dividing the Tartar from the Chinese city, which is about five miles from the railway station. The Chinese took every precaution to

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

avoid a disturbance, and posted sentries along the whole route to keep back the crowd. Other Ministers provided guards also, and there were some 220 foreign troops in Peking. The occasion was remarkable in that since the Summer Palace was sacked by the Allies in 1860, it is the first time that foreign troops have entered Peking.

THE ENTRY OF THE LEGATION GUARDS INTO PEKING: A RESULT OF THE "COUP D'ETAT"

Our Portraits

CONTINUING the series of portraits of recipients of New Year's Honours, which was published in last week's issue, we are enabled to add four more—those of Mr. J. Fortescue Flannery, M.P., Mr. Edmund Fane, Mr. Andrew Wingate, and Mr. Neligan.

Mr. Fortescue Flannery, who has received the honour of knighthood, has represented the Shipley Division of Yorkshire as a Liberal Unionist since 1895. He was born in 1851, and was educated at the Liverpool School of Science. By profession he is an engineer, and is a member of the firm of Flannery, Baggalay and Co., marine engineers. Mr. Flannery served as inspecting engineer under Sir E. J. Reed, late Chief Constructor of the Navy, and in 1895 was Admiralty Assessor to the Dockyard Committee for settling Labour Disputes in the engineering trades. Our portrait is from a photograph by Wayland, Streatham.—Mr. Edmund Douglas Veitch Fane, who is created Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, is Her Majesty's Minister at Copenhagen. He is the son of the late Prebendary Fane, and was born in 1857. His diplomatic career dates from 1858, in the May of which year he became an Attaché, and in the following November was appointed to Teheran. He was appointed a Third Secretary in 1863, a Second Secretary in 1866, a Secretary of Legation in 1879, and Secretary of Embassy in 1885. Mr. Fane has had experience in well-nigh every European capital during his forty years of service. In 1892, while at Constantinople, he was made Minister Plenipotentiary during the absence of the Ambassador, and in the following year was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and

and Tchernaya, and the night reconnaissance and attack on Russian outposts on February 19, 1855. After the charge of the Light Brigade he voluntarily went to the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Morris, who was lying dangerously wounded in an exposed position, and having dressed that officer's wounds in presence of the enemy he succeeded in stopping a serious hæmorrhage and so saved the officer's life. For this gallant action he was awarded the V.C., while for his services generally in the campaign he was given the medal with three clasps and the Turkish medal, and was made C.B. and Knight of the Legion of Honour. His next war experience was in New Zealand in the campaign of 1860-61, when he twice earned mention in despatches. Again, in the subsequent campaign of 1863-65, he was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, being specially pointed out for some mark of the Queen's approbation. But his services on that occasion were somehow or other overlooked, and he was only awarded the medal. In 1876 he retired from the service, was made Honorary Surgeon to the Queen in 1888, and was promoted to be K.C.B. in 1894. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. George Henry Andrews, who had been for over forty years a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which he had acted for more than twenty years and until quite recently as treasurer. He was born in 1816, and was one of the oldest artists of our day, and also one of the oldest railway engineers and architects in England. He began life in 1837 in the office of his uncle, Mr. Joseph Gibbs. In 1840 he took charge of a division of the Great Western Railway, then in course of construction. In the same year he had a picture,

The Hon. Lionel Walter Rothschild (more usually called the Hon. Walter Rothschild), who has just been returned unopposed to Parliament for the Aylesbury Division of Buckinghamshire, in succession to his uncle, the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, the eldest son of Lord Rothschild. He was born in 1868, and was educated at Magdalen College, Cambridge. He is a lieutenant in the Royal Bucks Hussar Yeomanry Cavalry, a Lieutenant for the City of London, and a County Councillor for Hertfordshire. It is worthy of note that the Aylesbury Division, ever since it was made a constituency under the Redistribution Act of 1885, will have been represented by a Rothschild, Baron Ferdinand having held the seat from that date until his death. Our portrait is by L. Varney and Son, Buckingham.

A heavy cloud of gloom has been thrown over the Austrian Embassy by the tragic death of Count Francis Karolyi, the Austrian Attaché. He was found dead in his chambers with a bullet wound in his head, and at the inquest which was subsequently held it was conclusively shown that the wound was self-inflicted, and the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity." Count Karolyi, who was only twenty-five years of age, was the son of a well-known diplomatist, and nephew of a former Austrian Ambassador to this Court. He came to England in December, 1897, from St. Petersburg, where he was also Civil Attaché. Our portrait is by Barraud, Oxford Street.

One of the most interesting personalities at present in England is Mr. George Clunies Ross, the "King" of Cocos and Christmas Islands, which are situated in the Indian Ocean to the south of



THE LATE MR. G. H. ANDREWS, R.W.S.

MR. J. CLUNIES ROSS
King of Cocos and Christmas IslandsJUDGE NELIGAN
New KnightMR. EDMUND FANE
Created G.C.M.G.

THE LATE COUNT KAROLYI

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH
New Paymaster-GeneralTHE HON. L. W. ROTHSCHILD
New M.P. for Bucks (Aylesbury)

THE LATE SIR JAMES MOUAT, V.C.

MR. FORTESCUE FLANNERY
New KnightMR. ANDREW WINGATE, C.I.E.
Promoted to be K.C.I.E.

Minister Plenipotentiary to Serbia, and negotiated the Treaty of Commerce with that country. He was appointed to Copenhagen last year. Our portrait is by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.—Mr. Andrew Wingate, C.I.E., who has been promoted to be Knight Commander of the Indian Empire, is a Land Revenue Collector and Magistrate in Bombay, and has acted as a plague commissioner. He is the son of the Rev. William Wingate, and was born in 1846. He passed into the Indian Civil Service in 1867. Among the posts he has held may be mentioned that of Additional Secretary to the Famine Department in Mysore in 1877, Settlement Officer in Udaipur State in 1879, in which year he was created C.I.E., Settlement Officer in Mewa and Kashmir, in Kanara, and Collector of the Salt Revenue. Our portrait is by T. Fall.—Mr. John Chute Neligan, Q.C., Recorder of Cork, is one of those upon whom knighthoods were conferred by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on behalf of the Queen. Mr. Neligan is a County Court Judge for the County of Cork, and was appointed to his Recordership in 1876. Our portrait is by Chancellor, Dublin.

Surgeon-General Sir James Mouat, V.C., K.C.B., who died last week, was the son of the late Mr. James Mouat, M.D., of the 13th and 15th Light Dragoons, and was born in 1815. He was educated at University College, London, and in Paris, and joined the medical department of the Army in 1838. He served in the Crimea War with the 6th Dragoons and on the medical staff, and was in charge of the general field hospital of the 3rd Division throughout the siege operations until the fall of Sebastopol, and subsequently as principal medical officer until the end of the campaign. He was present at the battles of Balaklava, Inkerman,

"Prayer," exhibited in the British Artists' Gallery. In 1841 he gave up engineering for a while and took to painting, contributing pictures to the Royal Academy and other exhibitions. In 1845, the year of the railway mania, he conducted several large surveys for projected lines. After that he took to marine painting in water-colours. It was then that he began to work as a draughtsman for *The Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*. He went to the United States when the Prince of Wales visited that country, and to the Continent during the Crimean War, in his capacity as a newspaper illustrator. Mr. Andrews was a rapid worker, and his pictures, mainly of the sea and marine subjects, may be reckoned by hundreds. Our portrait is by Gunn and Stewart, Richmond.

The Duke of Marlborough has been appointed to the post of Paymaster-General in the place of the Earl of Hopetoun, who was made Lord Chamberlain in the room of the late Earl of Lathom. No salary has been attached to the position of Paymaster General, and it is now regarded as an honorary appointment. The newly chosen holder of the office, Charles Richard John Spencer-Churchill, ninth Duke of Marlborough, is the son of the eighth Duke by his marriage with Lady Albertha Frances Anne Hamilton, daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, and was born at Simla in 1871. He is a godson to the Prince of Wales. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and soon after leaving the university married, in 1895, Consuelo, daughter of Mr. William Kinsam Vanderbilt, New York. The Duke has one son, who was born in 1897, and the Prince of Wales was one of his sponsors. Our portrait is by A. Bassan, Old Bond Street.

coast of Sumatra. Mr. Clunies Ross is assisted by his brothers in the government of the island. They have married native wives, who speak no English. The islands were discovered in 1609 by Captain Keeling. Darwin visited them in 1836. Mr. Ross's grandfather went there in 1825, and ruled the little kingdom until his death in 1854. It is a strange corner of the Empire that Mr. Ross governs. There are no shops in the islands, the "King" supplying everything. There is no coin money, labour being paid in paper money. The natives have free cocoa-nuts and free fishing, and they all do the same work and live in houses of the same size and shape, little allotments.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS WIFE were overwhelmed with Christmas and New Year's gifts sent by admirers from all parts of the United States, the presents varying from jewellery to eatables. The White House officials have had a busy time returning the valuable gifts to their senders, for, like the Queen, the American President will not accept presents from persons unknown to him. It is different with the eatables, some of which were tested at the President's table, while the rest were distributed among the various charitable institutions at Washington.

WINTER MOUNTAINEERING in the Alps has been particularly unfortunate this season. The mild weather has made the snow most unsafe and avalanches frequent, so that the casualties are more numerous than usual. The latest victims are two German doctors who tried to cross the Trift and Rhone glaciers by the Furka Pass, and were overtaken by an avalanche.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

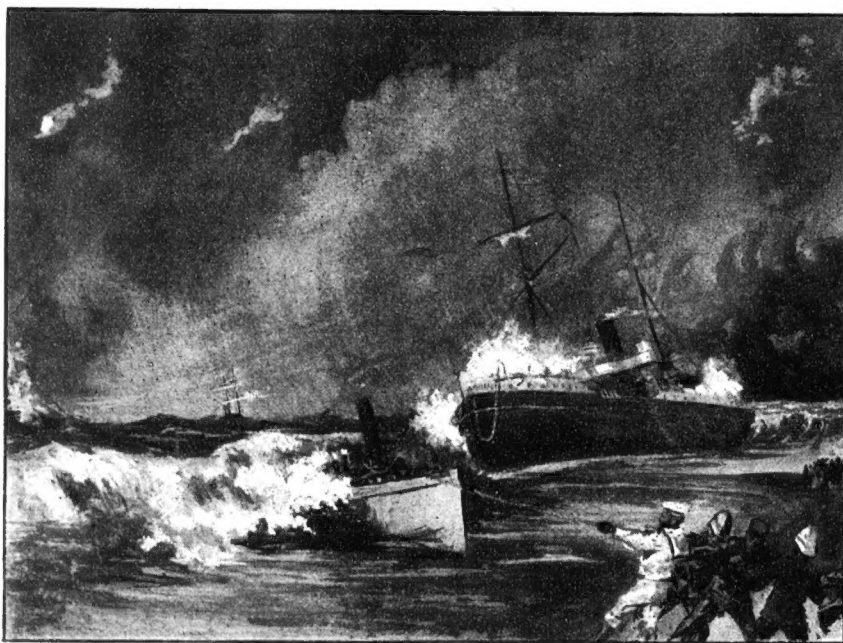
By J. ASHBY-STERRY

NOTWITHSTANDING the cracking and sinking of houses and subsidence of roadways, plans and projects for the undermining of London are going on on all sides. The number of companies, each anxious to run its own line its own way, with a total disregard to other lines, and entirely irrespective of the comfort and property of ratepayers, is something extraordinary. This should be at once stopped with a firm hand. A Parliamentary Committee should draw a plan of what railways are required, and any Bill not complying with these requirements should be promptly thrown out. Then a great deal of time, trouble, and money would undoubtedly be saved. A circular issued by the Vestry of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, should have the serious attention of all concerned in these matters. Many London inhabitants are getting seriously aggrieved with this railway aggression. A correspondent asks me, "What is the good of a lease? I have a long lease of my house, and four, if not five, times in the course of three years have I been served by notices from proposed railway companies. If any of these Bills had been passed I should have been turned out of my house, for which no possible payment would compensate me, and it seems I am liable to be disturbed and threatened in this way as long as I live." If this sort of thing goes on you will either not take a lease, or you will insist on a clause being inserted by your landlord giving you ample compensation if disturbed by a railway company. After all I am not sure that the old clause, "shall peaceably have, hold and enjoy the said mansion without let, hindrance or interruption," would not cover the matter altogether. At any rate, it is high time there was something done for the protection of tenants.

Some time ago I ventured to advocate in this column the propriety of some one rendering into English notable works written in the Scotch tongue for the benefit of those who had not been taught that language when at school. I was bold enough to plead for a translation of the works of Robert Burns, because I had always imagined they were very excellent, but had never been able to understand them yet. Whereupon several people waxed exceedingly indignant, and wrote me down as an idiot and a tomfool, but I had not a few letters from various quarters heartily applauding my views, the writers saying they had thought the same for years but did not dare to say so. I am therefore very glad to find my ideas have been carried out in Mrs. J. K. Gough's translation of "Tam o' Shanter," which is accomplished with great skill, taste and reverence, and enables me thoroughly to comprehend the poem for the first time. The little volume is admirably got up, with a reduced facsimile of the original manuscript on each page, accompanied by various illustrations by Mr. Thomas Faed. I have to compliment Mrs. Gough on the admirable way she has rendered the poem into English, and trust she will pursue her labours further in making the works of great Scotch writers intelligible to the English people.

Vandalism in the present day would appear to be almost as much of an epidemic as the influenza. It is always breaking out somewhere. In partnership with the Railway Dragon it has well-nigh ruined London from a picturesque and an historic point of view. The last place where the epidemic has broken out is Southampton. Mr. G. D. Leslie, the Royal Academician, who writes to the *Times* from his delightful retreat, Riverside at Wallingford—one of the few places yet unspoiled by the Vandal Vermin and the Railway Fiend—calls attention to the fact that the fine old Bargate at Southampton is likely to be abolished by the Town Council to make

way for tramcars. Says he:—"Some alternative route might surely be devised for the accommodation of the tramcars rather than the destruction of this picturesque and interesting historic relic." The town of Southampton has not so many specimens of antiquity now remaining that it can afford to dispense with this fine old relic. Probably the worst thing that ever was done by the City of London was pulling down Temple Bar and sending it down to a country mansion. It has been questioned several times whether they had any right to do this. Undoubtedly, if modern necessity compelled its removal, they ought to have re-erected it somewhere within the



A Greek steamer arrived off Candia on Christmas Eve with a number of refugees on board who were returning to their homes in that town. It suddenly came on to blow a heavy gale, and the steamer, which was lying close inshore, had not time to raise steam and get under weigh, and was driven ashore on a sandy beach close to the town. H.M.S. *Empress of India*, which was also lying off Candia, sent two steam pinnaces to the rescue. One was caught in the heavy breakers and was driven ashore and the other had to take refuge inside the harbour. The soldiers seeing the boat ashore ran down and assisted the crew to haul her up so that she was not very much damaged. Fortunately no one was drowned, as the steamer was driven high up on to the beach. After the gale had subsided the pinnace was floated, but the steamer is still ashore.

THE CHRISTMAS GALE OFF CRETE: WRECK OF A STEAMER
FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. W. OSBURN, R.N.

City. The right plan of course would have been—and everyone sees that now—to leave it where it was and carry the roadway round on each side. It is sincerely to be hoped the Town Council of Southampton will listen to reason and leave the fine old Bargate with all its historical associations where it is.

With regard to literature as a profession, I am glad to see that Mr. Joseph Hutton, in his varied and amusing "Cigarette Papers," speaks out plainly. Says he:—"To those about to write—don't." He goes on to enumerate the various phases of earning your living, none very ambitious, but all greatly to be preferred to literature, and he winds up by saying:—"If, however, you feel a deep and

absorbing call, and find yourself master of certain facilities of composition, and you are willing to watch and wait, work and pray, and bear insults and the pangs of starvation, why, go ahead; not otherwise." This is, without doubt, plain speaking, from one whose experience of most departments in literature and journalism is vast, but it is thoroughly wholesome and indubitably true. If the same amount of talent, hard work, energy, and perseverance devoted to literature were expended on other professions, trades, and crafts, life would be much easier, and the pecuniary gain would be infinitely superior. Besides, literature and journalism are nowadays so over crowded that there is but little chance for anybody. When any journalistic appointment falls vacant in the present day there are probably at least fifty applicants for it, and very often not one among the number equal to filling the post properly. "Our profession is a terribly overcrowded one," said a sweeper to me when I protested against the preponderance of the brethren of the broom over clean crossings, but I am inclined to think journalism could beat it.

Stories of Mr. Edison

THIS week's number of *The Golden Penny* contains a further instalment of stories of the great inventor, illustrated with a very interesting series of photographs. Speaking once to one of his employes Edison said:—"The trouble with you is that you're too popular. If you want to succeed, get some enemies."

When the general office of Edison's company was first started in New York there was always a box of good cigars on the inventor's desk, and these were at the service of all his friends. One day Mr. Edison complained to a friend that his hospitality was abused, that he could never keep any of his Havanas, and as he could never by any possible chance think to lock his desk, he didn't know what he should do in the matter. "Why," said the friend, "I can help you out on that. I have an intimate friend in the business, and I will have him make you up a special box of cigars filled with cabbage leaves and all sorts of vile-smelling stuff that will cure your friends." Edison thanked him, and straightway forgot all about the offer. Two months or more passed before he again met his friend.

"Ah!" said Edison, "you never brought me those queer cigars for my friends."

"Yes," said the man, "I certainly did, two weeks after I saw you, and I left them with your manager."

"Well," said the great inventor, "that's strange; I wonder where they can be?"

"Let us inquire of your manager," was suggested. And they did.

"Why," said that person, "I packed them in your valise, Mr. Edison, when you went to California."

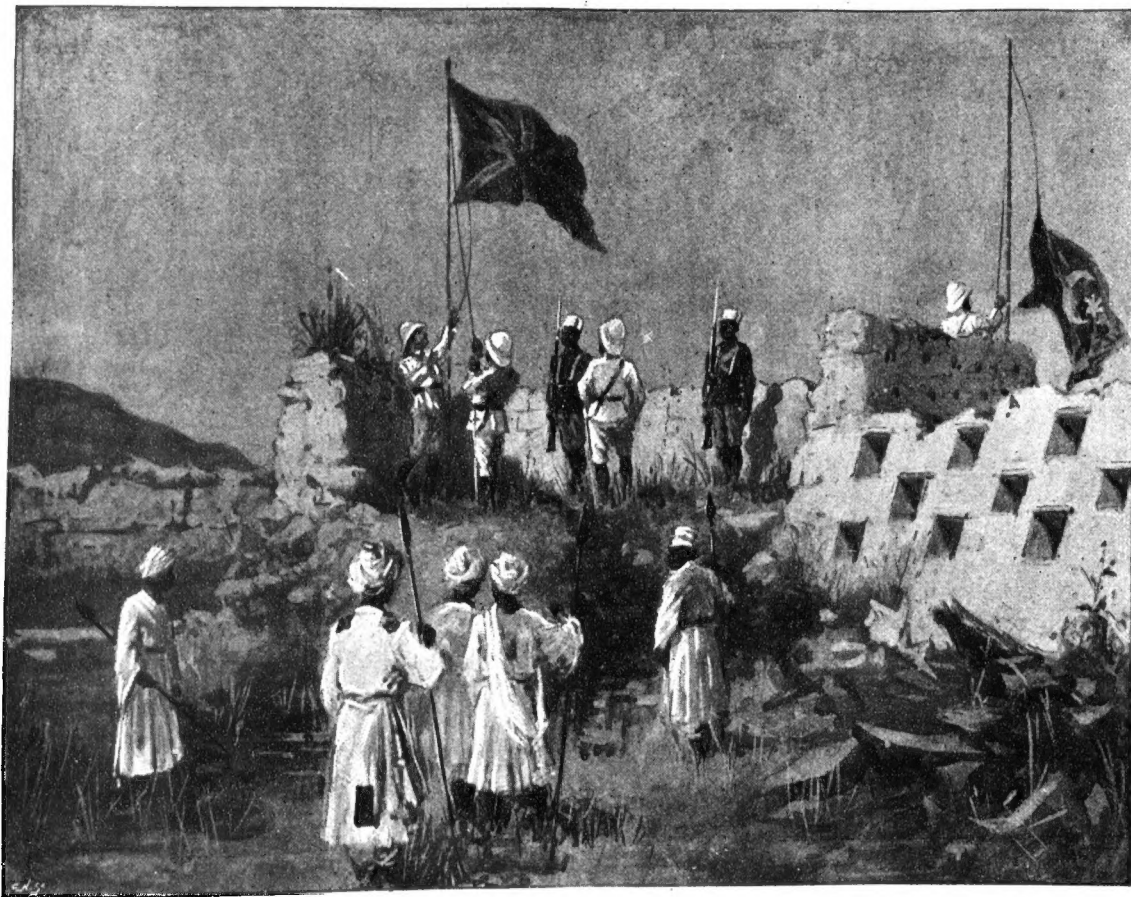
"Great snakes!" exclaimed Edison; "then I must have smoked them myself." And he had.

How practically worthless are many of the letters received by a famous man Mr. Edison once demonstrated. He had just returned from a few days' absence, to find a small mountain of letters awaiting him. He was not in a mood for the reading and answering of letters, but his secretary pressed him to begin. This irritated Edison, and taking the whole basket of letters he dropped its entire contents into the burning grate fire.

"There," he said, "that is the easiest way to settle that," and went off to his work.

Three months later a friend recalled the incident to him. "Yes," said Edison, with a chuckle, "and do you know I never heard from a blessed one of those letters, which shows you how important a public man's letters are."

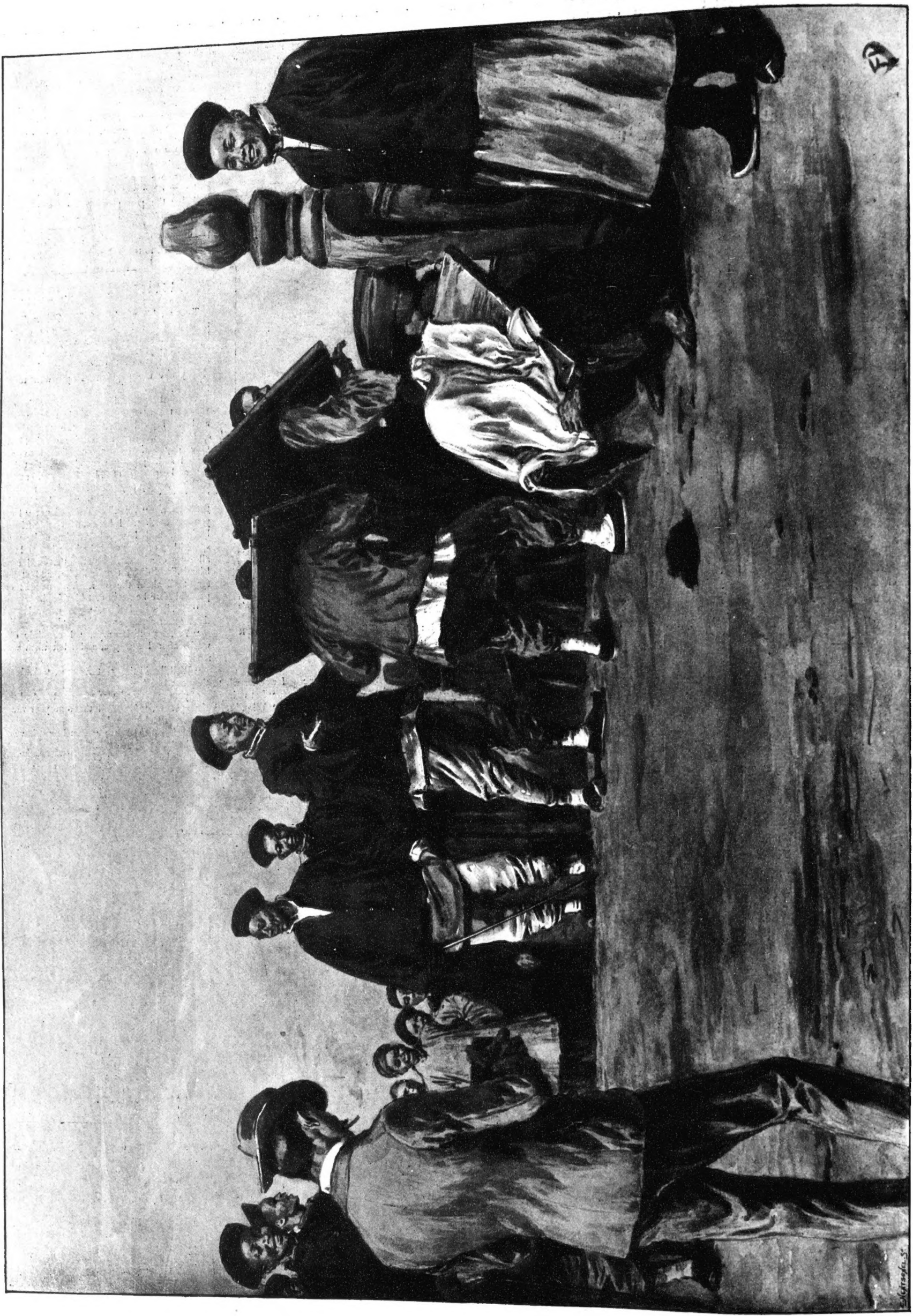
Mr. Edison has persistently refused to register his voice upon a phonograph cylinder for repetition. To some friends who urged him to talk into one of these machines he gave his reason:—"It would make me sick with disgust," he explained, "to see placarded on phonographs everywhere I turn: 'Drop a nickel in the slot and hear Edison talk.' No, no; none of that for me."



On December 7 an Anglo-Egyptian force, consisting of 150 men of the 12th Soudanese, two maxims, and three British officers, took possession of Gallabat. This place is situated at the confluence of the Nile and the Atbara. As soon as the detachment reached Gallabat Colonel Collinson, who was in command of the force, hoisted the British flag on a bastion of the fort built by Zecchi Tumul, while Major Mahon hoisted up the Egyptian flag on another part of the same wall. The fort was at one time occupied by Abyssinian troops, and King Menelik has claimed the place.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SOUDAN: HOISTING THE BRITISH AND EGYPTIAN FLAGS AT GALLABAT
FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. H. S. MORANT

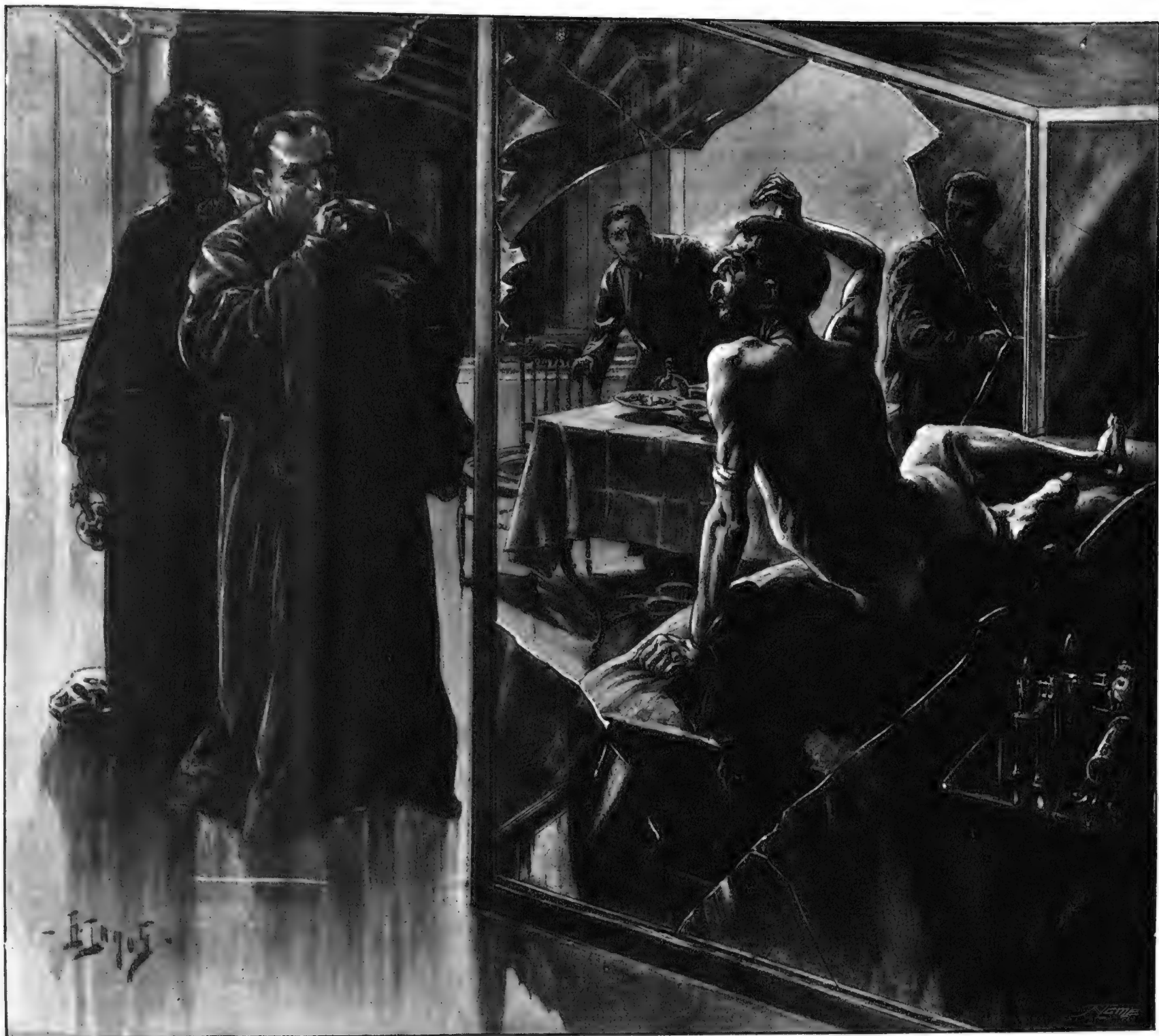
A GERMAN BRAVEY.—The increasing interest taken by the Germans in their navy is well attested by the number of books on naval matters which have recently appeared in Germany. The latest publication of the kind, "Das Kleine Buch von der Marine," by Georg Neudeck and Heinrich Schröder (Lipsius and Tischer), is a compact little handbook, plentifully illustrated, containing a mass of information on every subject connected with the German navy, both past and present. The organisation of their navy is treated with true German thoroughness, and the large number of statistical tables which the book contains adds greatly to its value as a book of reference.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH RESIDENT IN Peking

THE PHOTOGRAPHED IN WHICH THIS DRAWING WAS MADE, IN THE
AFTER THE RECENT ANTI-FOREIGN DISTURBANCE AT Peking: RINGLEADERS UNDER PUNISHMENT OBJECTING TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED

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"Looking over his shoulder Graham saw approaching a very short, fat, and thickset beardless man, with aquiline nose and heavy neck and chin. Very thick black and slightly sloping eyebrows that almost met over his nose, and overhung deep grey eyes, gave his face an oilily formidable expression. He scowled momentarily at Graham."

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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CHAPTER III.

THE AWAKENING

WHAT a wonderfully complex thing that simple seeming unity—the self! Who can trace its reintegration as morning after morning we awaken, the flux and confluence of its countless factors interweaving, rebuilding, the dim first stirrings of the soul, the growth and synthesis of the unconscious to the sub-conscious, the sub-conscious to dawning consciousness, until at last we recognise ourselves again. And as it happens to most of us after the night sleep, so it was with Graham at the end of his vast slumber. A dim cloud of sensation taking shape, a cloudy dreariness, and he found himself vaguely somewhere, recumbent, faint, but alive.

That pilgrimage towards a personal being again, seemed to traverse vast gulfs, to occupy epochs. Gigantic dreams that were terrible realities at the time, left vague perplexing memories, strange creatures, strange scenery, as if from another planet. There was a distant impression, too, of a momentous conversation, of a name—he could not tell what name—that was subsequently to recur, of some queer, long-forgotten sensation of vein and muscle, of a feeling of vast hopeless effort, the effort of a man near drowning in darkness. Then came a panorama of dazzling unstable confluent scenes.

The texture that wove at last through the half-light of dreaming to wakefulness, shaped a definite picture of dark masses of cliff, a black shadow of caves at the foot of them, into which the green

sea water foamed and vanished, and a cleft in the rocky front and a thin plume of cascade quivering in the wind. There was a sense of intolerable misery linked with this, he was looking down on it, and for some reason he had to fling himself forward, was in fact flinging himself forward, floating down swifter and swifter. A man appeared against the background saying things that were troublesome to hear and in some way arresting that downward swoop. There was a grey distress in this obstruction. The stranger spread out and grew impalpable, and the vision had passed.

Graham became aware that this was either a memory or a phase in a dream, not present at any rate in spite of its vividness, and that his eyes were open and regarding some unfamiliar thing.

It was something white, the edge of something, a frame of wood. He moved his head slightly, following the contour of this shape. It went up beyond the top of his eyes. He tried to think where he might be. Did it matter, seeing he was so wretched? The colour of his thoughts was a dark depression. He felt the featureless misery of one who wakes, towards the hour of dawn.

He had an uncertain sense of whispers and footsteps hastily receding.

The movements of his head involved a perception of extreme physical weakness. He supposed he was in bed in the hotel at the place in the valley—but he could not recall that white edge. He must have slept. He remembered now that he had wanted to sleep. He recalled the cliff and waterfall again, and then recollected something about talking to a passer-by.

How long had he slept? What was that sound of pattering

feet? And that rise and fall, like the murmur of breakers on pebbles? He put out a languid hand to reach his watch from the chair whereon it was his habit to place it, and touched some smooth, hard surface like glass. This was so unexpected that it started him extremely. Quite suddenly he rolled over, stared for a moment, and struggled into a sitting position. The effort was unexpectedly difficult, and it left him giddy and weak—and amazed.

He rubbed his eyes. The riddle of his surroundings was confusing but his mind was quite clear—evidently his sleep had benefited him. He was not in a bed at all as he understood the word, but lying naked on a very soft and yielding mattress, apparently an air mattress, in a trough of dark glass. The mattress was partly transparent, a fact he observed with a strange sense of insecurity, and below it was a mirror reflecting him greyly. About his arm—and he saw with a shock that his skin was strangely dry and yellow—was bound a curious apparatus of rubber, bound so cunningly that it seemed to pass into his skin above and below. And this strange bed was placed in a case of greenish coloured glass (as it seemed to him), a bar in the white framework of which had first arrested his attention. In the corner of the case was a stand of glittering and delicately made apparatus, for the most part quite strange appliances, though a maximum and minimum thermometer was recognisable.

The slightly greenish tint of the glass-like substance which surrounded him on every hand obscured what lay behind, but he perceived it was a vast apartment of splendid appearance, and with a very

THE GRAPHIC

42

large and simple white archway facing him. Close to the walls of the cage were articles of furniture, a table covered with a silvery cloth, silvery like the side of a fish, a couple of black and graceful chairs, and on the table a number of dishes with substances piled on them, a bottle and two glasses. He realised that he was intensely hungry.

He could see no human being, and after a period of hesitation scrambled off the translucent mattress and tried to stand on the clean white floor of his little apartment. He had miscalculated his strength, however, and staggered and put his hand against the glass-like pane before him to steady himself. For a moment it resisted his hand, bending outward like a distended bladder; then it broke with a slight report. He reeled out into the general space of the hall, greatly astonished. He caught at the table to save himself, knocking one of the glasses to the floor—it rang but did not break—and sat down in one of the armchairs.

When he had a little recovered he filled the remaining glass from the bottle and drank—a colourless liquid it was, but not water, with a pleasing faint aroma and taste and a quality of immediate support and stimulus. He put down the vessel and looked about him.

The apartment lost none of its size and magnificence now that the greenish transparency that had intervened was removed. The archway he saw led to a flight of steps, going downward without the intermediation of a door, to a spacious transverse passage. This passage ran between polished pillars of some white-veined substance of deep ultramarine, and along it came the sound of human movements and voices and a deep undeviating droning note. He sat, now fully awake, listening alertly, forgetting the viands in his attention.

Then with a shock he remembered that he was naked, and casting about him for covering, saw a long black robe thrown on one of the chairs beside him. This he wrapped about him and sat down again, trembling.

His mind was still a surging perplexity. Clearly he had slept, and had been removed in his sleep. But where? And who were those people, the distant crowd beyond the deep blue pillars? Boscastle? He poured out and partially drank another glass of the colourless fluid.

What was this place?—this place that to his senses seemed subtly quivering like a thing alive? He looked about him at the clean and beautiful form of the apartment, unstained by ornament, and saw that the roof was broken in one place by a circular shaft full of light, and, as he looked, a steady, sweeping shadow blotted it out and passed, and came again and passed. "Beat, beat," that sweeping shadow had a note of its own in the subdued tumult that filled the air.

He would have called out, but only a little sound came into his throat. Then he stood up, and, with the uncertain steps of a drunkard, made his way towards the archway. He staggered down the steps, tripping on the corner of the black cloak he had wrapped about himself, and saved himself by catching at one of the blue pillars.

The passage ran down a cool vista of blue and purple, and ended remotely in a railed place like a balcony, brightly lit and projecting into a space of haze, a space like the interior of some gigantic building. Beyond and remote were vast and vague architectural forms. The tumult of voices rose now loud and clear, and on the balcony, and with their backs to him, gesticulating, and apparently in animated conversation, were three figures, richly dressed in loose and easy garments of bright soft colourings. The noise of a great multitude of people poured up over the balcony, and once it seemed the top of a banner passed, and once some brightly coloured object, a pale blue cap or garment thrown up into the air perhaps, flashed athwart the space and fell. The shouts sounded like English, there was a reiteration of "Wake!" He heard some indistinct shrill cry, and abruptly these three men began laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed one—a red-haired man in a short purple robe. "When the Sleeper wakes—*When!*"

He turned his eyes full of merriment along the passage. His face changed, the whole man changed, became rigid. The other two turned swiftly at his exclamation, and stood motionless. Their faces assumed an expression of consternation, an expression that deepened to awe.

Suddenly Graham's knees bent beneath him, his arm against the pillar collapsed limply, he staggered forward and fell upon his face.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOUND OF A TUMULT

GRAHAM'S last impression before he fainted was of a clamorous ringing of bells. He learnt afterwards that he was insensible, hanging between life and death, for the better part of an hour. When he recovered his senses, he was back on his translucent couch, and there was a stirring warmth at heart and throat. The dark apparatus, he perceived, had been removed from his arm, which was bandaged. The white framework was still about him. A man in a deep violet robe, one of those who had been on the balcony, was looking into his face.

Remote but insistent was a clamour of bells and confused sounds, that suggested to his mind the picture of a great number of people shouting together. Something seemed to fall across this tumult like a door suddenly closed.

Graham moved his head. "What does all this mean?" he said slowly. "Where am I?"

He saw the red-haired man who had been first to discover him. A voice seemed to be asking what he had said, and was abruptly stilled.

The man in violet answered in a soft voice, speaking English with a slightly foreign accent, or so at least it seemed to the Sleeper's ears, "You are quite safe. You were brought hither from where you fell asleep. It is quite safe. You have been here some time—sleeping. In a trance."

He said something further that Graham could not hear, and a little phial was handed across to him. Graham felt a cooling spray, a fragrant mist played over his forehead for a moment, and his sense of refreshment increased. He closed his eyes in satisfaction.

"Better?" asked the man in violet, as Graham's eyes re-opened. He was a pleasant-faced man of thirty, perhaps, with a pointed flaxen beard, and a clasp of gold at the neck of his violet robe.

"Yes," said Graham.

"You have been asleep some time. In a cataleptic trance. You have heard? Catalepsy? It may seem strange to you at first, but I can assure you everything is well."

Graham did not answer, but these words served their reassuring purpose. His eyes went from face to face of the three people about him. They were regarding him strangely. He knew he ought to be somewhere in Cornwall, but he could not square these things with that impression.

A matter that had been in his mind during his last waking moments at Boscastle recurred, a thing resolved upon and somehow neglected. He cleared his throat.

"Have you wired my cousin?" he asked. "E. Warming 27, Chancery Lane?"

They were all assiduous to hear. But he had to repeat it. "What an odd *blurr* in his accent!" whispered the red-haired man. "Wire, sir?" said the young man with the flaxen beard, evidently puzzled.

"He means send an electric telegram," volunteered the third, a pleasant-faced youth of nineteen or twenty. The flaxen-bearded man gave a cry of comprehension. "How stupid of me! You may be sure everything shall be done, sir," he said to Graham. "I am afraid it would be difficult to—*wire* to your cousin. He is not in London now. But don't trouble about arrangements yet; you have been asleep a very long time and the important thing is to get over that, sir." (Graham concluded the word was *sir*, but this man pronounced it "*Sire*.")

"Oh!" said Graham, and became quiet.

It was all very puzzling, but apparently these people in unfamiliar dress knew what they were about. Yet they were odd and the room was odd. It seemed he was in some newly established place. He had a sudden flash of suspicion. Surely this wasn't some hall of public exhibition! If it was he would give Warming a piece of his mind. But it scarcely had that character. And in a place of public exhibition he would not have discovered himself naked.

Then suddenly, quite abruptly, he realised what had happened. There was no perceptible interval of suspicion, no dawn to his knowledge. Abruptly he knew his trance had lasted for a vast interval; as if by some process of thought-reading he interpreted the awe in the faces that peered into his. He looked at them strangely, full of intense emotion. It seemed they read his eyes. He framed his lips to speak and could not. A queer impulse to hide his knowledge came into his mind almost at the moment of his discovery. He looked at his bare feet, regarding them silently. His impulse to speak passed. He was trembling exceedingly.

They gave him some pink fluid with a greenish fluorescence and a meaty taste, and the assurance of returning strength grew.

"That—that makes me feel better," he said hoarsely, and there were murmurs of respectful approval. He knew now quite clearly. He made to speak again, and again he could not.

He pressed his throat and tried a third time. "How long?" he asked in a level voice. "How long have I been asleep?"

"Some considerable time," said the flaxen-bearded man, glancing quickly at the others.

"How long?"

"A very long time."

"Yes—yes," said Graham suddenly testy. "But I want— Is it—is—some years? Many years? There was something—I forget what. I feel—confused. But you—" He sobbed. "You need not fence with me. How long—?"

He stopped, breathing irregularly. He squeezed his eyes with his knuckles, and sat waiting for an answer.

They spoke in undertones.

"Five or six?" he asked faintly. "More?"

"Very much more than that."

"More!"

"More."

He looked at them, and it seemed as though imps were twitching the muscles of his face. He looked his question.

"Many years," said the man with the red beard.

Graham struggled into a sitting position. He wiped a rheumy tear from his face with a lean hand. "Many years!" he repeated. He shut his eyes tight, opened them, and sat looking about him from one unfamiliar thing to another.

"How many years?" he asked.

"You must be prepared to be surprised."

"Well?"

"More than a gross of years."

He was irritated at the strange word. "More than a *what*?" Two of them spoke together. Some quick remarks that were made about "decimal" he did not catch.

"How long did you say?" asked Graham. "How long? Don't look like that. Tell me."

Among the remarks in an undertone, his ear caught six words: "More than a couple of centuries."

"*What*?" he cried, turning on the youth who he thought had spoken. "Who says—? What was that? A couple of *centuries*!"

"Yes," said the man with the red beard. "Two hundred years."

Graham repeated the words. He had been prepared to hear of a vast repose, and yet these concrete centuries defeated him.

"Two hundred years," he said again, with the figure of a great gulf opening very slowly in his mind; and then, "Oh, but—!"

They said nothing.

"You—did you say—?"

"Two hundred years. Two centuries of years," said the man with the red beard.

There was a pause. Graham looked at their faces and saw that what he had heard was indeed true.

"But it can't be," he said querulously. "I am dreaming. Trances. Trances don't last. That is not right—this is a joke you have played upon me! Tell me—some days ago, perhaps, I was walking along the coast of Cornwall—?"

His voice failed him.

The man with the flaxen beard hesitated. "I'm not very strong in history, sir," he said weakly, and glanced at the others.

"That was it, sir," said the youngster. "Boscastle, in the old Duchy of Cornwall—it's in the south-west country beyond the dairy meadows. There is a house there still. I've been there."

"Boscastle!" Graham turned his eyes to the youngster. "That

was it—Boscastle. Little Boscastle. I fell asleep—somehow there. I don't exactly remember. I don't exactly remember."

He pressed his brows and whispered, "More than *two hundred years*!"

He began to speak quickly with a twitching face, but his words were cold within him. "But if it is two hundred years, every I know, every human being that ever I saw or spoke to before I went to sleep, must be dead."

They did not answer him.

"The Queen and the Royal Family, her Ministers, Church State. High and low, rich and poor, one with another—"

"Is there England still?"

"That's a comfort! Is there London?"

"This is London, eh? And you are my assistant-custodian."

Assistant-custodian. And these—? Eh? Assistant-custodian too!"

He sat with a gaunt stare on his face. "But why am I here? No! Don't talk. Be quiet. Let me—"

He sat silent, rubbed his eyes, and, uncovering them, another little glass of pinkish fluid held towards him. He took a dose. It was almost immediately sustaining. Directly he had it he began to weep naturally and refreshingly.

Presently he looked at their faces, suddenly laughed through tears, a little foolishly. "But—two—hun—dred—years!"

He grimaced hysterically and covered his face again.

After a space he grew calm. He sat up, his hands hanging from his knees in almost precisely the same attitude in which he had found him on the cliff at Pentargen. His attention attracted by a thick domineering voice, the footsteps of an advancing personage. "What are you doing? Why was I warned? Surely you could tell? Someone will suffer for the The man must be kept quiet. Are the doorways closed? the doorways? He must be kept perfectly quiet. He must be told. Has he been told anything?"

The man with the fair beard made some inaudible remark. Graham looking over his shoulder saw approaching a very fat, and thickset beardless man, with aquiline nose and neck and chin. Very thick black and slightly sloping eyes that almost met over his nose, and overhung deep grey eyes, his face an oddly formidable expression. He scowled momentarily at Graham, and then his regard returned to the man with the beard. "These others," he said in a voice of extreme irritation. "You had better go."

"Go?" said the red-bearded man.

"Certainly—go now. But see the doorways are closed as you go."

The two men addressed turned obediently, after one reluctant glance at Graham, and instead of going through the archway as he expected, walked straight to the dead wall of the apartment opposite the archway. And then came a strange thing; a long strip of this apparently solid wall rolled up with a snap, hung over the two retreating men and fell again, and immediately Graham was alone with the newcomer and the purple-robed man with the flaxen beard.

For a space the thick set man took not the slightest notice of Graham, but proceeded to interrogate the other—obviously his subordinate—upon the treatment of their charge. He spoke clearly, but in phrases only partially intelligible to Graham. The awakening seemed not only a matter of surprise but of consternation and annoyance to him. He was evidently profoundly excited.

"You must not confuse his mind by telling him things," he repeated again and again. "You must not confuse his mind."

His questions answered, he turned quickly and eyed the awakened sleeper with an ambiguous expression.

"Feel queer?" he asked.

"Very."

"The world, what you see of it, seems strange to you?"

"I suppose I have to live in it, strange as it seems."

"I suppose so, now."

"In the first place, hadn't I better have some clothes?"

"They—!" said the thickset man and stopped, and the bearded man met his eye and went away. "You will very speedily have clothes," said the thickset man.

"Is it true, indeed, that I have been asleep two hundred years?" asked Graham.

"They have told you that, have they? Two hundred and more, as a matter of fact."

Graham accepted the indisputable now with raised eyebrows and depressed mouth. He sat silent for a moment, and then asked a question, "Is there a mill or dynamo near here?" He waited for an answer. "Things have changed tremendously," he said.

"What is that shouting?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing," said the thickset man impatiently. "It's changed. You'll understand better later—perhaps. As you say, things have changed." He spoke shortly, his brows were knit, and he glanced about him like a man trying to decide in an emergency. "We must get you clothes and so forth, at any rate. Wait here until some can come. No one will come near you. You want shaving."

Graham rubbed his chin.

The man with the flaxen beard came back towards them. He suddenly, listened for a moment, lifted his eyebrows at the man, and hurried off through the archway towards the tumult. The tumult of shouting grew louder, and the thickset man and listened also. He cursed suddenly under his breath, turned his eyes upon Graham with an unfriendly expression. There was a surge of many voices, rising and falling, shouting and screaming, and once came a sound like blows and sharp cries, and then snapping, like the crackling of dry sticks. Graham strained his ears to draw some single thread of sound from the woven tumult.

Then he perceived, repeated again and again, a certain form. For a time he doubted his ears. But surely these were the words.

"Show us the Sleeper! Show us the Sleeper!"

The thickset man rushed suddenly to the archway. "Wild!" he cried. "How do they know? Do they know? Is it guessing?"

There was perhaps an answer.

"I can't come," said the thickset man; "I have *him* to see. But shout from the balcony."

There was an inaudible reply.

"Say he is not awake. Anything! I leave it to you."

He came hurrying back to Graham. "You must have clothes at once," he said. "You cannot stop here—and it will be impossible to—"

He rushed away, Graham shouting unanswered questions after him. In a moment he was back.

"I can't tell you what is happening. It is too complex to explain. In a moment you shall have your clothes made. Yes—in a moment. And then I can take you away from here. You will find out our troubles soon enough."

"But those voices. They were shouting—?"

"Something about the Sleeper—that's you. They have some twisted idea. I don't know what it is. I know nothing. Demology is out of my province."

"Demology?"

"Demology. Ah!"

A shrill bell jettied acutely across the indistinct mingling of remote noises, and this brusque person sprang to a little group of appliances in the corner of the room. He listened for a moment, regarding a ball of crystal, nodded, and said a few indistinct words; then he walked to the wall through which the two men had vanished. It rolled up again like a curtain, and he stood waiting.

(To be continued)

The New Savoy Opera

The Lucky Star, which is from the pens of nearly a dozen librettists and composers, and was successfully produced at the Savoy on Saturday, is hardly an opera strictly so called, and it is certainly wholly different from the ordinary Savoy repertory. In point of fact it is a sort of compromise between the modified species of opera bouffe which was popular both in Paris and under Farnie in London some five-and-twenty years ago, and the more modern musical comedies with which Mr. George Edwardes at Daly's and the Gaiety has delighted a younger generation. At the Savoy, indeed, so many varieties of music-plays have been tried since the earlier days of Gilbert and Sullivan, that it was inevitable an experiment in an older school should sooner or later be attempted. *The Lucky Star* may, of course, by some be deemed a cut below the Savoy average, although beyond all question, if the piece had been produced at any other theatre, it would have been considered a remarkably good one. As a matter of fact it boasts a stronger, more consistent, and better plot than is usual in such cases; while the dialogue is quite up to a first-night average, although, of course, in accordance with precedent in such cases, it will beyond much doubt eventually be improved by the "gags" of the funny men. The music, from the Savoy point of view, is a weak feature. Perhaps audiences accustomed to the refinement and sweet melodiousness of Sir Arthur Sullivan, expect too much from his contemporaries. Mr. Ivan Caryll, however, has already done better work than in the present opera. The chief defect of the music is its sameness, ballads generally with valse or other dance refrain, and comic songs of the bouffe pattern, being interspersed with rather feebly constructed concerted pieces. A good deal of the monotony might have been avoided if a little more variety had been imparted to the orchestration. Indeed, there were many who regretted that the music by M. Chabrier, originally written to this story in 1877, was not utilised. One of the French composer's numbers, namely, a portion of the finale to the first act, came as quite a refreshing interlude amid much that was either crude or conventional. The music, however, in this description of entertainment, can always be improved, and either reduced or added to.

The libretto, at any rate, has plenty of possibilities. It is based upon the opera bouffe entitled *L'Etoile*, by Messrs. Leterrier and Vanloo, produced at the Bouffes, Paris, towards the latter part of 1877—that is to say, practically at the time of the production of *The Sorcerer*, the first of a series which revolutionised comic opera in England. The French piece was afterwards adapted into English for the American market by Messrs. Cheever Goodwin and Woolston Morse, and with Mr. Francis Wilson as King Ouf it had a long career in the United States. Mr. Brookfield has now re-written the book, mostly from the American libretto, while new lyrics have been added by Messrs. Ross and Hopwood, and the whole "has been revised and put together by H. L.," those being the initials of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte. The story is almost Gilbertian. A King of an Oriental country is accustomed on his fête day to offer his subjects a human sacrifice. This year the supply has run short. His subjects love him so dearly that he cannot exact from them a single treasonable sentiment. They will not even "revile the memory of the King's grandmother or curse the Income Tax." Fortunately there arrives the inevitable "principal boy" in the person of a young travelling painter, Lazuli. On the road he has met the Princess, the King's fiancée. Desponding in his love for her, he becomes reckless, and, to the King's delight, punches the royal head and boxes the royal ear. He is condemned to death, but in the first finale he is saved by the discovery made by the Court Astrologer, that painter and monarch are born under the same star, and that each must perish within twenty-four hours of the other. Most of the music in this act is of a light character, including an American ballad for the Princess, a rather conventional Romanza, "My Lucky Star," which replaces M. Chabrier's version of the same legend, a kissing trio, an American song for the King, and more musicianly items such as the quartet "Incognito" and a finale, which is largely borrowed from the opera of M. Chabrier.

In the next act, in which the Oriental uniforms of the men (six of them genuine negroes) and the bright dresses of the women lend colour to the scene, Lazuli is installed in the palace, his every wish gratified. While he remains in health the King's life is saved. But he elopes with the princess, whom he believes to be the wife of an Ambassador, and is forthwith condemned by the irate diplomat to be shot. The King's dismay on hearing of the probable fate of his double closes the act. A good deal of the fun here consists of word-twisting, such as the King's warning to the youth to avoid either "perspiration of the heart" or "a rush of brains to the head." There is also a most amusingly burlesqued singletick duel between the King and the Ambassador. On the other hand, the wit of the American song of "The Ostrich" is not exactly obvious, while the "Barcarolle" sung by the Princess is also rather conventional. At the close of the act there is an extremely pretty effect, when the stage is illuminated by Chinese lanterns, and the ladies of the Court indulge in a scarf dance. In the last act the King and his chief Astrologer are waiting their fate, the monarch, in order to keep up his spirits, furtively indulging in a dance with a couple of "coons"—otherwise two bright little nigger boys. It is in vain that, believing they are to die twenty-four hours after Lazuli, King and courtier put back the clock, an idea, if we recollect rightly, borrowed from *Barbe Bleue*. Eventually five o'clock strikes, and they cover themselves with funeral cloths awaiting their fate, the band meanwhile softly playing, "There is a Happy Land." As Lazuli is not dead, the Monarch of course survives, and on the threat of the youth to commit suicide, is compelled to relinquish the hand of the Princess, his fiancée. Mr. Lytton is excellent as the Ambassador, Miss Ruth Vincent sings prettily as the Princess, and Miss Emmie Owen acts and dances vivaciously as the young painter. But the burden of the fun practically falls upon Mr. Passmore as the King, who from the time that he enters tumbling down a trick ladder to the fall of the curtain, keeps the audience in a roar of laughter. His humour, perhaps, is rather pantomimic and lacks variety, but it serves its purpose, and it was, at any rate on Saturday, hugely appreciated. *The Lucky Star* is admirably mounted, and, indeed, a prettier stage spectacle has rarely been seen even at the Savoy.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

The deadlock at the opera has now been removed. Mr. Faber has agreed to sell his entire interest in Covent Garden, and he is about to be succeeded by a syndicate of the subscribers, who, it is said, include one at least of the Rothschild family, Mr. Beit, Mr. Cassell, Mr. Paris Singer, Lord Derby, Earl de Grey, Lord Crewe, Lord Farquhar, Mr. Harmsworth, Sir Edward Lawson and other men of wealth, almost any one of whom could, without asking for time, put down the entire capital. A fresh syndicate has been formed of debenture, ordinary, and deferred shareholders, Mr. Faber, it is understood, accepting 110,000*l.* for the lease, scenery, dresses, and copyrights, and also leaving the syndicate a handsome sum as capital. The opulent gentlemen, however, forming this company are actuated by art rather than by financial reasons, and accordingly an actual profit is not sought so much as a permanent continuance of opera upon the old social and musical lines. Covent Garden is, before next season, to be re-decorated, furnished throughout with electric light, and provided with newer and improved stage machinery. The general management will still be in the hands of Mr. Maurice Grau, although for this happy end to that which threatened at one time to be a serious difficulty, we have mainly to thank that enthusiastic opera-goer, Lady de Grey.

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THERE are many points of interest in connection with the Rembrandt Exhibition which it is not easy to touch upon in the course of the regular review. One or two of these points may be referred to here. In the large and extremely ugly "Be'shazzar's Feast" (the genuineness of which, it may be added, some judges have challenged) there is a Hebrew inscription on the wall which has puzzled many a student of Rembrandt. For the well-formed letters form no Hebrew words known to Hebrew scholars. It was while the present writer was gazing at the picture that the truth flashed upon him—namely, that Rembrandt has arranged the letters of the inscription not as Hebrew is written from right to left, but in columns, like Chinese; read this way, the well-known words are at once intelligible—the last one, for symmetry's sake, being cut into two. It is also to be observed, in answer to those who question the genuineness of the picture, that the terrified monarch is evidently no other than he who sat for the "Portrait of a Rabbi" (83) (which is in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, and of which the replica (No. 57), belonging to Lord Powerscourt, is apparently a copy) and for Pharaoh in Ferdinand Bol's picture of "Joseph and Jacob" in the Dresden Gallery.

It is also asked whether Lord Brownlow's "Landscape" (No. 31) is not really by an English hand; whether Lord Leconfield's "Girl with the Rosebud" can be attributed to the master; whether it is correct to state, as the catalogue does, that the "Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife" really represents Rembrandt and Saskia; for a careful examination does not reveal the essential construction of the painter's head, nor does the age of the lady seem to correspond. It is also interesting to point out that the "Girl at a Window," lent by Dulwich College, is the same pleasing model as the "Girl with the Broom" at the Hermitage, and apparently she who figures in the "Young Servant" at Stockholm. The latter picture is dated 1654, and is apparently too late to fit in with the girl's age, but it may well be that Rembrandt may have painted his picture from his former sketch. It only remains to remark that the absurdly misnamed "Countess of Desmond," lent by Her Majesty the Queen, is the same figure as that in Lord Pembroke's "An Old Woman Reading," and that both of them, painted about 1630 in Rembrandt's "green manner" are portraits of his mother; while, if I remember rightly, the group in the "Holy Family" (91) is almost identical with that in the "Carpenter's Shop" in the Louvre painted in 1640.

Speaking of copies, I may draw attention to certain pictures round which a good deal of discussion has been spun. I have heard Sir A. W. Neeld's "Portrait of a Burgomaster," and Rembrandt's portrait of himself belonging to Lady de Rothschild, challenged by distinguished painters. But certainly in the latter case, probably in both, I think there can be no doubt of authenticity. The Duke of Newcastle's "Portrait of an Orator" has given rise to more serious doubt. This extremely smooth picture is ascribed by some to Ferdinand Bol; there is certainly a replica of it in existence which is known as a Bol; and, moreover, it has been stated that in an engraving published many years ago the authorship was so described. I have not, however, been able yet to verify this statement.

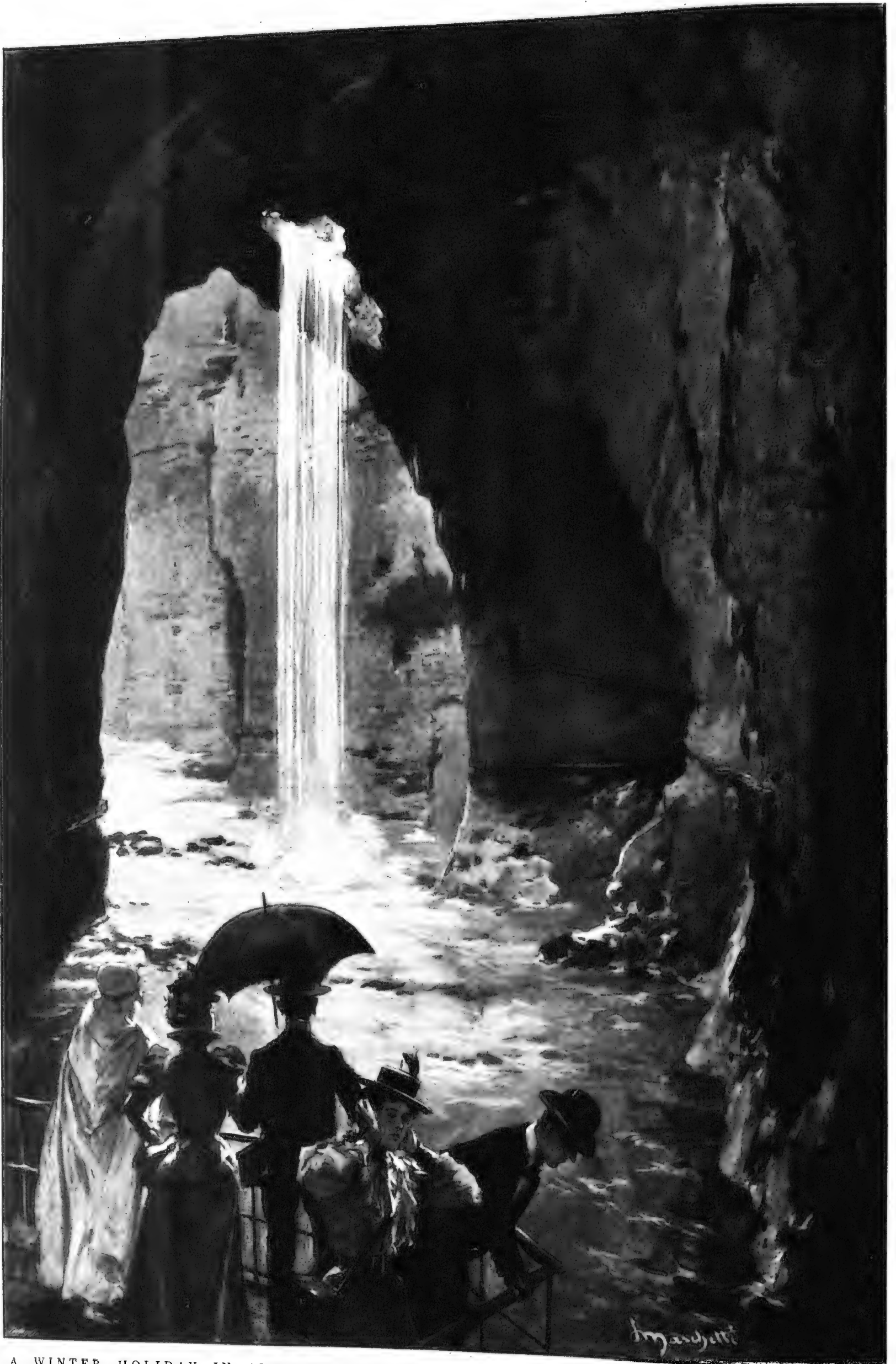
Competitions in art criticism have been invented by Municipal authorities in Italy desirous of making a boom in their art exhibitions. They thus become a refined and subtle form of advertisement. Prizes to the amount of 180*l.* are to be awarded for the best article, or series of articles (mark the ingenuity!) on the exhibition and the works exhibited, such articles being in English, French, German, Spanish, or Italian. The prizes are to be awarded by a jury composed of two art critics and one artist appointed by the Executive of the exhibition, and the jury is to print and publish a report upon the subject. All this is to be done by the Municipality of Venice; but it would be interesting to know who are the writers who submit to a competition of this kind. Moreover, the unjust treatment of English artists in these Italian exhibitions is not yet forgotten in England.

The subject of "suppressed plates" is a fascinating one for the collector, and oftentimes of considerable interest from the point of view of the artist. By "suppressed plates" is understood illustrations which have appeared in a book, but which have been either withdrawn during the publication of the edition or omitted from later issues. Such is the interesting Thackeray's "Marquess of Steyne" (representing the third Marquess of Hertford), to which Mr. George Somes Layard has recently devoted an article. There are, of course, many such connected with the works of Dickens, especially in the minor books; those to Hogarth's "Man of Taste" and "Enthusiasm Delineated;" Mr. Sandy's "Danaë in the Painted Chamber," practically suppressed before publication; Meissonier's "La Bonne Femme" for "Paul et Virginie;" and others by Alken, Charles Keene, and, even in later days, Mr. Hugh Thomson. In the last-mentioned case the illustration was withdrawn on a grotesquely absurd suggestion of indelicacy. All these subjects, and more, will doubtless be dealt with by Mr. Layard, whose knowledge of the entertaining byways of art and literature is extensive and delightful.



The Mausoleum built for Prince Bismarck and his family is situated on a hill in a woody corner of the Sachsenwald. It consists of a round tower and a nave. The tower contains the bodies of the Prince and Princess, while the rest of the building is reserved for the general family vault. On the hill opposite to that on which the Mausoleum stands is the well-known group of stags, which was presented to the Chancellor on his eightieth birthday. Our illustration is from a photograph by Hans Breuer, Hamburg.

THE BISMARCK MAUSOLEUM AT FRIEDRICHSMÜHLE



A WINTER HOLIDAY IN ALGERIA: THE GROTTO OF THE ROUMMEL, NEAR CONSTANTINE
DRAWN BY MARCHETTI



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. D. AINSWORTH

THE IVORY TRADE IN EAST AFRICA: A CARAVAN ON ITS WAY TO THE COAST FORDING A RIVER IN UGANDA

DRAWN BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD

One of the principal exports of the Zanzibar merchants is ivory. The tusks are of all sizes, and of many shapes and colours. They seem to be hollow for about half their length. A large tusk measures about eight feet in length, and weighs about 175 pounds. The ivory trade is mainly in the hands of a few companies. One firm some years ago sent away in one year as many as 6,000 tusks. The supply is, however, not what it once was, and it seems as if the wild elephant, like the American bison, must eventually be exterminated

THE GRAPHIC

The Grotto of the Roummel

AGES and ages ago some tremendous natural convulsion must have rent from the neighbouring hillside the great rock upon which stands—unique in the grandeur of its position—the ancient city of Constantine. Imagine an almost quadrilateral plateau of solid rock, sloping from north to south, with sides rising sheer from a river-bed which, on the north side where the rock is highest, lies nearly a thousand feet below. Obviously such a site was ideal for the construction of a natural fortress; and, as a matter of fact, Constantine had been subjected to more than eighty sieges before the French took it in 1837; and it was practically impregnable until artillery could be brought to bear upon it. "Kerth," "Cirta," "Constantine," or, as the Arabs call it, "Quemstina," has been the scene of perpetual wars and revolutions ever since the immemorial age when some now forgotten tribe first established itself there. In historic times it was the seat of the Marsylian Kingdom, and intimately connected with such names as those of Massinissa, Sophonisba, Jugurtha. The Romans occupied Cirta when Jugurtha fled before Marius, and the city and its suburbs are rich with Roman remains. Had not Sallust, the historian, a villa in the neighbourhood? In sacred, as in profane, history Constantine played a part. Here St. Cyprian was exiled; here was held an ecclesiastical council in which St. Augustine took part. Then came the Arab invasion, and centuries of turmoil and strife, which lasted through

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"SCHOOL" AT THE GLOBE

THE revival of *School* at the GLOBE Theatre, though it brings back to us only one of the original cast—Mr. Hare as Beau Farintosh—will awaken many agreeable reminiscences in the minds of playgoers whose impressions of the stage go back for the long period of thirty years; and, judging by the reception accorded to Mr. Robertson's comedy on Saturday evening, it is not unacceptable to the new generation. Complaints, it is true, are heard of conventional personages and incidents that savour rather of stage tradition than of observation of the world outside the walls of the theatre, but it should be remembered that the structure of the piece is avowedly fanciful. When Mr. Robertson, or rather the German playwright, whose play furnishes the basis of this comedy, determined to present a sort of modern version of the old nursery story of Cinderella, sufficient warning was given that the author claimed the privilege of giving to his work a tinge of the ideal. No doubt the young ladies do not accidentally drop tiny shoes in flying from infuriated cows in a meadow, or if they do, they certainly do not remain unconscious of the loss, till the missing article is restored

grave unimpulsive tone and manner which Mr. Gilmore seems to have thought appropriate to the impressionable young nobleman, and partly to the inexperience of Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, whose part, though it had the charm of simplicity and grace, was rather timidly handled. It is in vain to lament that Lady Bancroft can be seen no more in her original part of Naomi Terry, the frolicsome, mischievous schoolgirl and predestined bride of Beaufo's friend, Jack Poyntz, but in her absence Miss May Hurley is an acceptable substitute. A similar remark applies to Mr. K. Poyntz, Mr. W. H. Day's Dr. Sutcliffe and Miss Fanny Coleman. Mrs. Sutcliffe are excellent, and Mr. Gilbert Hare's K. the spiteful usher, is a very effective creation. Happily for the revival, Mr. Hare is once more seen in his original part of Beau Farintosh. It is one of the best—if not the very best—of his studies of foppish old gentlemen, and is not without effective touches of pathos. The revival is handsomely mounted—the GLOBE in the Forest and the grounds of Cedar Grove House being excellent examples of stage illusion.

After a long and prosperous provincial tour Mr. George Alexander and his company have once more taken up their quarters at the ST. JAMES'S, where, on Monday evening, they resumed the representations of John Oliver Hobbes's brilliant comedy, *The Ambassador*. Mr. Alexander is preparing to add to his bill a new act play by the same author, the scene of which is laid in Spain during the Carlist Civil War of some sixty years since.



A terrible disaster occurred on Friday afternoon last week at the works of Messrs. Hewett and Co., Limited, at Barking Creek. The firm are steam trawler owners and builders, of London and Yarmouth. One of the boilers in the repairing yard required cleaning, and a reserve boiler was prepared for use. Steam was being got up when, without any warning, a fearful report was heard. The walls of the engine-house

were blown out, and all the outhouses were shattered. Our illustration shows the ruins of the fitters' shop on the left, while on the right is the wreckage of the blacksmiths' shop. The boiler house stood between the two. The white mass in the centre is the base of the shaft. Ten men were killed and thirty injured.

THE EXPLOSION AT BARKING: SCENE OF THE DISASTER

DRAWN BY G. K. JONES

the Turkish domination, until the French stormed the city, but not before a previous attack, the year before, had been repulsed with fearful loss. In order to appreciate the strength and the grandeur of the city's national position it is necessary to follow the course of the "Chemin des Touristes" along the sides of the precipice which rises above the Roummel. It is a good morning's work; but it is a walk which no one who has taken it will ever forget, because there is nothing quite like it to be found, so far as we are aware, in the surroundings of any other city in the world. Above the narrow path frown the tremendous heights of rock, crowned by the houses and tanneries of the Arabs, perched on the very edge of the precipice. Birds make their nests in large numbers in the face of the precipices, and the housetops are the home of the stork. At certain points the ravine narrows, and a natural bridge spans it. Advantage was taken of one of these natural bridges by the Romans to build the fine bridge (El Kantara) of which the ruins still exist. It was across that bridge that the French, under Marshal Clauzel, tried to fight their way into the city on the first, and unsuccessful, occasion. The appearance of the river bed, the "Chemin des Touristes," and the heights above, is shown in our illustration of the Grotto, which is formed by one of the natural bridges of rock before mentioned. Its shade, and the cool plash of the water, are a welcome relief from the relentless glare of the African sunshine, or the scorching breath of the Sirocco, both of which exert their full force up the windswept, sun-beaten Constantine.

by a young nobleman who happens to be with some friends shooting in that neighbourhood. Equally true is it that when they marry a charming young person of lowly birth young noblemen do not come down to announce the fact to the grandfather and the late employers of the bride attended by tall powdered footmen; but it was the whim of the author to establish a running parallel with the old simple legend in which the stately wedding is an essential feature. People who cannot sit in a stall at the GLOBE without asking themselves whether Cedar Grove House, under the direction of Doctor and Mrs. Sutcliffe, with its humorous school examinations, its romps, its flirtations, its moonlight sentimentalisms, and its malignant usher, is a faithful picture of a typical English boarding-school may be strongly advised to seek entertainment elsewhere. These things delighted Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's patrons at the old PRINCE OF WALES'S, and were found to retain much of their power to please when the piece was revived at the HAYMARKET and later at the GARRICK, and Mr. Hare's experiment bids fair to show that *School* is still capable of drawing audiences. The acting, no doubt, may in some details fall short of the standard of the WALES'S days. The famous love-making scene over the milk jug, and the pretty talk between Lord Beaufo and the hardy, used school teacher Bella over the long shadows in the moonlight upon the garden paths, seemed to have lost something of their old charm; but this was obviously due partly to the

Miss Annie Hughes and Mr. Edmund Maurice will play prominent parts in the new three-act play entitled *Matches*, which is produced at a matinée at the COMEDY Theatre on Tuesday. The cast, which is an exceptionally strong one, will also include Mr. Harry Nicholls, Miss Sophie Larkin, Miss Sybil Carlisle, and that incomparable representative of middle-aged ladies with will and ideas of their own—Mrs. Henry Leigh.

Though it must be withdrawn from TERRY'S Theatre to make way for a new comedy, that diverting three-act farce, *The Burglary*, will probably still hold its ground in the Strand. It is most likely to be transferred to the OPERA COMIQUE at the close of the run of *Alice in Wonderland*.

Though the stalls are raised in price for the occasion to guinea, and other seats in proportion, the matinée at HER MAJESTY'S for the benefit of the Sirdar's Fund of the Gordon College, Khartoum on Thursday, the 19th inst., bids fair to be a great success. *The Dancing Girl* is to be played, as far as practicable by the original cast, and will be followed by *The First Night*, the cast of which will also be a remarkable one. The late Arthur Wigan's impersonation of the old French actor in this once famous piece lingers pleasantly in the memory of old playgoers. The piece will be played on this occasion by Mr. Tree.

Fulham folk have not forgotten the visit of Miss Ellen Terry last

summer, when this popular lady, in association with Mr. Frank Cooper, appeared at the new GRAND Theatre in this locality in *Othello* and *The Lady of Lyons*. It is now announced that Miss Terry will again next summer undertake a short engagement at this handsome house.

Mr. Arthur Chudleigh is preparing to re-open the COURT Theatre this evening with a version of *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*, which is to be known as *A Court Scandal*. The adaptors of this old comedy, which was rendered so famous in its time by Madame Déjazet's impersonation of the profligate Duke in his "salad days," are Mr. Osmond Shillingford and Mr. Aubrey Bouicault.

Only old playgoers now remember *Belphegor*, in which Mr. Benjamin Webster was drawing crowds to the ADELPHI nearly sixty years since. A later, but almost as famous representative of the picturesque and pathetic mountebank was Charles Dillon, who later on acted in this piece at the LYCEUM. It seems that Mr. Murray Carson is about to revive this celebrated piece, and will himself play the hero. *Belphegor* is an adaptation—or, we might almost say, a translation of a very popular French play entitled *Paillasse*.

Mr. Arthur Roberts, whose merry skit upon *Trilby* is well remembered, is about to perpetrate a similar joke at the expense of the immensely popular *Musketeers*. His latest parody, written by Mr. Adrian Ross, will, like its predecessor, take the form of a graft upon the musical farce in which he is appearing at the PRINCE OF WALES'S, and will be accordingly introduced into the second act of *Milord Sir Smith*.

By the latest advices, Sir Henry Irving is reported as still at Bournemouth, "enjoying great benefit from the sea breezes," if not from the gales that have set the pine woods roaring and the wind howling in the Chines in that salubrious locality. It is added that he is busily engaged in planning out his spring tour.

The Carl Rosa season at the Lyceum has suffered from the difficulty of securing a permanent conductor of experience. Mr. Jacobi, it seems, resigned after the first night, owing to the fact that in so busy a season it was impossible to give him more than one band rehearsal. No fewer than four conductors were tried the first week, namely Mr. Jacobi, Mr. Frewin, who is leader of the orchestra, Mr. Harold Vicars, and on Saturday night Mr. Hamish McCunn. During the present week, with the exception of *Il Trovatore* on Friday, the repertory has been devoted to works which were heard during the previous week, namely, *Lohengrin*, *Carmen*, *Tannhäuser*, *Faust*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and *Pagliacci*, the promised revival of *Tristan und Isolde* being postponed.

The National Opera Company under Mr. Cunningham started its season at Dublin on Monday. This troupe comprises Mesdames Ella Russell and Esty and other members of the old Carl Rosa organisation. Mr. Rousbey is also successfully touring the country with English opera, while Madame Fanny Moody, who is likewise on tour with a special company, announced on Thursday of this week a special revival of Wallace's opera, *The Amber Witch*, the principal parts in which thirty years ago were created by Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley.

Mr. W. S. Penley

A LITTLE time ago there was a rumour that Mr. W. S. Penley was about to retire from the stage, and a thrill of apprehension was stirred within the theatre-loving public which had become almost as used to its Penley as to its morning newspaper. But the alarm was unfounded. The theatre has as much magnetic attraction for the actor as for the playgoer, and Mr. Penley has once again returned to the fierce glare that beats from the footlights. In some respects his temporary absence from the stage has not been without its advantages, for it has snapped the link which seemed

likely to bind Mr. Penley indissolubly to *Charley's Aunt*. Except in the records of the Chinese stage, where it is understood that a drama may take six months over a single presentation, and where, consequently, "a good run" of a piece might well extend to a cycle of Cathay, no piece has ever occupied the boards so long as *Charley's Aunt*. It is interesting to remember now that when first it was produced the critics did not think much of it, and did not believe it would last long. Never were expectations more completely falsified. People went first to see Penley, next to see *Charley's Aunt*, and then again to see Penley. If all the people who attended all the performances of all the companies in London and the provinces were reckoned, one would probably find that the

However, the unlikely has come to pass at last. Mr. Penley is now playing at the Royalty the part of an elderly Santa Claus, in which humour and pathos are nearly equally blended. "Lord Markham" is an old gentleman who comes home after many years spent in making his fortune to shower gifts on a family which fails to recognise him; and his experiences make an exhilarating play which is part farce and part Christmas fairy tale. The *Little Ray of Sunshine* as the piece is called, has been described as a "one man" play; but one can never forget that if Mr. Penley is given the ghost of an opportunity the pieces in which he plays soon become "one man shows," even if they are not that at the beginning—as all who saw him as the Curate in *The Private Secretary*, and with the "Gutta Percha Girl" in the *Arabian Nights*, will be quite ready to admit.

Children at the Mansion House

THERE is something piquantly attractive in seeing the Mansion House unbend once a year for the Children's Fancy Dress Ball. Nothing is changed from the order of things at the great receptions; there are the same tall footmen at the door, the same herald to announce the names; the Sheriffs come in their velvet and gold chains, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress stand to receive the little Twelfth Night guests just as if they were Sirdars or the Queen's Judges. In name, as a matter of fact, the children are quite as magnificent as this. The herald last Twelfth Night announced—among other distinguished visitors—Oliver Cromwell and King Charles II., who, despite the difference of their politics, came hand in hand, and Queen Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour, who, notwithstanding their well-defined difference of principles, were subsequently to be seen contemplating the Punch and Judy Show with equal enjoyment. The great feature of a Children's Fancy Dress Ball is its air of reality. When among grown-up people Brian de Bois Guilbert or the Pirate King is announced a hint of amusement goes round at the discrepancy between their titles and their appearance. But children assume both their dress and their titles with equal unconsciousness and appropriateness; they play at being the Duchess of Devonshire or a French vivandière with as much zest and as naturally as they pretend that their dolls have feelings and emotions. The consequence of this is that, apart from the exceptional beauty and taste of the last ball held at the Mansion House, the spectacle was, as it is always, the prettiest, the quaintest, the most fancifully charming of the year. It would be hard to say which were the prettiest of the dresses. To some minds the prettiest fancy dress that a child can be arrayed in is one that represents a flower; and the two little maidens who led the procession past the Lady Mayoress in the Ball-room—a fair-haired Shamrock and another with buttercups twined in her curls and garlanded about her white frock, were a miracle of appropriateness and appealing grace. There were two "baskets of flowers"—rather older children—who, in spite of the unsuitability of their costume for violent exertion (or even for partaking of the Mansion House hospitality in true comfort), were extremely active figures. But to dwell upon the flower dresses alone is to do injustice to many upon



MR. W. S. PENLEY AS LORD MARKHAM IN "A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE"

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY H. M. PAGET

whole population of the British Isles saw the piece once. Most Londoners, however, saw it oftener; and the man or woman who never saw it at all is regarded as a rarity. At one time there were no fewer than eighteen companies touring *Charley's Aunt* at home and abroad; and round Mr. Penley's study hang programmes which testify to its performance in five or six European languages. It was played in Madrid, where the Cambridge undergraduate was represented as a person who breakfasted in a dress coat, top-boots, and a striped shirt front. The play made two or three fortunes, and produced several lawsuits. It seemed impossible to kill it, in London at any rate. Mr. Penley cut the piece down, reduced the parts, altered the company, took his own name out of the cast, but all in vain. *Charley's Aunt* seemed bound to go on for ever, and in so far as that there was some contract which bound the performers to go on playing it so long as the piece was not playing at a loss, one almost despaired of ever seeing Mr. Penley out of petticoats.

whose costumes the greatest ingenuity and taste had been spent. There was a very handsome Louis XV. shepherdess, a striking Lady of Shalott, and some Chinese, Japanese, and Red Indian dresses carried out with the greatest attention to correctness and detail; there was a little Dominican monk, and a tiny John Bull, a Lord Mayor and a Sheriff—all so small as to suggest that they came from some miniature state of Lilliput; and nearly every character in the fairy tale of the nursery, from Bo-Peep to Little Red Riding Hood, sent a representative to add to the gaiety of the evening. But the mere recitation of the children's names and characters will convey little impression of the attractiveness of this unique festival, which is pretty from beginning to end—from the time when the children make their bow to the City to the time when, their finery covered in shawls and wraps until they look like Christmas snowballs, they pass reluctantly down the awninged staircase to their cabs and carriages, and so sleepily home.



TWELFTH NIGHT IN THE CITY: THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.L. AND FRANK CRAIG

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WE who pride ourselves on keeping Christmas with revived mirth and solemnity, should read how Kings kept Christmas in Old England, in the palaces to which they resorted only for that season. At Kennington Palace, for instance, the King kept open house for twenty days, and every day, as in the fairy tales beloved of children, he sat at the feast clothed in his robes of State and wearing a crown on his head. Then the master of the revels organised the amusements, which included the services of singers, musicians, buffoons, tumblers, mummers and dancing girls. Everybody danced and everybody sang; the King himself did not disdain to tread a measure or to disguise himself and act in a masque, the new importation from Italy. At Eltham Palace and at Greenwich also these merry makings took place. Queen Elizabeth herself loved pageants, and she is described by a foreign visitor to the Court as majestic even when she had reached the age of sixty-five. "She wore false hair of a red colour, and on her head a small crown of gold. Her bosom was uncovered, and on it lay a fine necklace of jewels. She was dressed that day in white silk bordered with pearls of the size of peas, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads. The train was very long and borne by a marchioness. Whoever speaks to her it is kneeling. Wherever she turned her face as she went along everybody fell down on their knees." A very elaborate ritual was observed for the setting of her dinner table, and the tasting of the dishes on it. Twenty-four dishes were brought in and received by gentlemen, who knelt three times as they approached the tables. The lady taster of the dishes, an unmarried countess, knelt also. But after this ceremony the dishes were conveyed into the Queen's inner and private chamber, where she dined alone.

A very charming child's book, called "The Sandman," by Harriet Morgan, reaches me from America. It is fresh and bright and childlike, as the little ones' stories ought to be, and describes the original and fantastic doings of some children who actually went with Santa Claus to his country, where they saw wonderful things, and learned that its inhabitants all visit our world for a short time as dolls, and like it, and carry pleasant dreams when they return to the children they have loved. In the last chapter the children come to England as envoys and attend the Queen's Jubilee, and have a merry little chat with Her Majesty, who is graciousness itself.

Just now, society yearns like the swallows for southern lands.

Quite an exodus is reported of people leaving London and their country houses to bask in the sun, or imagine, at least, that they will do so, for I hear it has been very cold in Rome, and the wind as sharp as on our eastern coasts. Lord Warkworth and Sir William Stirling Maxwell are lost in the wilds of Morocco, and the former does not even know that his grandfather, the Duke of Northumberland, full of years and honours, is dead. Royalty, in the shape of the Empress Frederick, the ex-Empress Eugénie, the King of the Belgians and his daughter, the Princess Clementine, intend to honour the Riviera with their presence shortly. Lord Limerick, Lord Carlisle, Lord and Lady Belhaven, General the Honourable R. Talbot, and many others are leaving for Cairo, while America, the West Indies, and the East, tempt many more adventurous. People think as little now of a trip to India or Japan as they did formerly of a tour in Italy. In fact, every day railways and steamboats bring the ends of the earth within reasonable distance.

Women certainly have no cause to be grateful to the County Council. Under the weight of increased taxation their husbands and brothers groan, while those ladies whose fate forces them to walk in the London streets in winter find the difficulties almost insuperable, and the pleasure of a brisk winter constitutional entirely removed. For days and days the pavements remain so thickly coated with mud that they are slippery and filthy, the roadways are a slough of despond, while the crossing-sweepers have become a thing of the past. Wherefore then do we pay for street cleansing, when all through the winter the streets are not cleansed? The accumulation of mud is so great that even a fine day does not suffice to dry it up. The damage to boots, gowns, petticoats and clothing is great, for the fashion has not set in of wearing shooting gowns and high gaiters in London. To dress in the fashion and look nice is impossible for a pedestrian, and even the healthy results of a tramp are well-nigh abolished.

Therefore it is that people fly south, where walking, bicycling and driving can be carried on in comfort.

"Be good and you will be happy" is the advice generally given to little girls, who, in their own minds, generally turn it into "Be pretty and you will be admired." At what age does feminine vanity first display itself? Almost with the first breath of life one might say, for behold how sweetly the female baby smiles on her papa, and how gladly she will go to the veriest male stranger, cooing over him, and handling his glittering watch chain. A holiday dancing class for boys and girls brings out this feature of coquetry most strongly. The boys, some of them tall and lanky, are *gauche* and modest and self-conscious; the girls are self-conscious, but with vanity; they patronise their partners, they point their toes, they throw back their sunny hair with artful gesture from their laughing eyes, they pout, they attract, they deny. It is a little world in miniature, and as good a lesson for the boys as any life can afford. To the lookers-on, especially the prim mammas who, seated in state, line the walls and behold their prowess, it is exquisitely funny.

Christmas Ceremonies at Bethlehem

OF all the annual round of religious feasts and ceremonies in the holy places of Jerusalem and its vicinity the celebration by the Latin Church of Christmas, and the Greek celebration of the same feast, which comes twelve days later, according to the Eastern Calendar, are of interest second only to Easter. There are various processions in the streets, one of which is shown in our illustration, but the principal event takes place an hour before midnight on Christmas Eve, when the great procession, led by the Latin Patriarch



A PROCESSION OF THE LATIN CHURCH IN BETHLEHEM
CHRISTMAS IN THE HOLY LAND

or bishop, enters the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. The services continue until about two o'clock in the morning. The interest centres in the services performed in the Grotto of the Nativity by the Latin ecclesiastics in presence of the French Consul, who attends in full uniform. This is just at midnight, which is the hour at which tradition fixes the birth of Christ. A melancholy side to these celebrations is the enmity and strife between the rival churches which hold among themselves these sacred places, and at times have not stopped short of bloodshed. Firmans from Constantinople adjudicate the fiercely contested claims to this pillar and to that doorway and determine the time of processions and services, that those of different sects may not clash and cause tumult and bloodshed. Turkish soldiers with fixed bayonets stand day and night, the year round, in the Grotto of the Nativity and elsewhere in the church. A regiment or two of Turkish soldiers keep the peace on these occasions of celebrating the birth of the Prince of Peace, lest these custodians of the gospel sung on the occasion they commemorate as bringing peace and goodwill to earth, kill one another. These Christian feasts are anxious times for the Turkish authorities, and great relief is felt when the word can be telegraphed to Constantinople that the celebration is passed without tumult. It was two or three years ago at the Greek Christmas service at Bethlehem that the Latin priests were present in the Church of the Nativity in force and armed, to resist the Greek procession in their attempt to ascend from the Grotto of the Manger by a staircase belonging to the Latins, for which they had succeeded in getting an order from Constantinople. The Latins held the stairway and refused to retire, though ordered to do so by their own protector, the French Consul, and by the Governor of Jerusalem, who had been summoned in the dead of the night to deal with these rioters. Only when it was apparent that the Turkish soldiery was about to remove them by order of the Pasha, given at the request of the French Consul, did the Latin priests retire and permit the Greeks to advance.

Royalty at Home and Abroad

HONOURS to the Army have been the chief events of the week at Osborne. On one afternoon the Queen bestowed the Victoria Cross on Captain Kenna, Lieutenant de Montmorency, and Private Byrne of the 21st Lancers, and Captain Smyth of the 2nd Dragoons, for their gallantry at the battle of Khartoum, and decorated Major Hugh Mathias, of the Army Medical Staff, with the Distinguished Service Medal for his work in the same campaign. Another day it was the turn of eight non-commissioned officers of various British regiments to receive the Distinguished Service Medal—also for bravery in the Soudan. These decorations are always presented with much ceremony. Her Majesty herself pins the medal on the recipient's coat as he kneels before her, adding a few kind words, and there is usually a small gathering of spectators, the Princesses staying at Osborne and various Court officials. Besides these official duties Her Majesty has been entertaining numerous visitors and has paid several calls round Osborne. There have been large dinner parties every night, generally followed by music from the Queen's private band. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, with their three children, are the latest arrivals at Osborne, while the Empress Frederick lengthened her stay until this week. She went over to Portsmouth on Monday with Prince Louis to inspect the *Majestic*, of which he is flag-captain, and lunched on board. Princess Christian is expected shortly for a week's stay. Before returning to Windsor the Queen intends to open the new wing of the Children's Ward in the Isle of Wight County Hospital, at Ryde, which forms the island's memorial of the "Longest Reign."

Preparations are already going forward at Cimiez for the Queen's visit, although Her Majesty does not arrive before March 9 or 10. Princess Beatrice and her children will go with the Queen, and possibly Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who so often goes abroad with her grandmother. Plenty of Royal relatives also will be near at hand at Cannes—the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Albany and her daughter, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, &c. According to present arrangements Her Majesty will stay five weeks at Cimiez, but will not go on to Italy.

The holidays are over for the Prince of Wales, who has taken up his public duties once more. He came back to town from Sandringham on Monday in time to preside next day at an important meeting of the Finance Committee of the Paris Exhibition Commission. This is the first time since his accident that the Prince has been able to attend one of the meetings, although he takes such active interest in the matter. Most of Wednesday was spent with the Empress Frederick on her arrival in town from Osborne, and the Prince saw his sister off on her departure for Italy. The Princess did not accompany her husband to town, but remained at Sandringham with her daughter. This is a week of sad memories for the Prince and Princess, for Sunday last was the Duke of Clarence's birthday, while to-day (Saturday) is the seventh anniversary of his death.

Three Royal Silver Weddings

fall this year. The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg begin the series on the 23rd inst., and the Duchess's elder brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, who married Princess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, keeps his Silver Wedding on August 28. The third is on April 29—that of Duke Charles Theodor of Bavaria—the philanthropic Prince, who is such a skillful oculist, and Princess Maria of Braganza.

The German Emperor has had a very sharp attack of influenza, and, though now convalescent, is still unfit for any public engagements. The attack only yielded to a course of steam baths, and was aggravated by a return of the Emperor's old trouble in the ear, which generally follows any of his illnesses. Sleeplessness was another trouble. To the active Emperor, confinement in his room is most irksome, and His Majesty was especially vexed at being laid up during his sons' holidays, thus missing much companionship with the Crown Prince, to whom he is so devoted. The Prince, now a tall lad of nearly seventeen, is old and grave beyond his years, possibly because his father, ever since the boy's earliest childhood, has impressed him with the responsibilities of his future position and talked to him on the most serious subjects. All the spirits of the family have gone into the next brother, Prince Fritz, who is the jolliest of boys. In appearance the Crown Prince is a regular Hohenzollern, and promises to take after his grandfather, Emperor Frederick, in height rather than after his father. He has the family love of sport, and has just held his first shooting party at Spandau.

King Alphonso of Spain fell downstairs the other day, and if it had not been for a Court footman, with more common sense than knowledge of State etiquette, the young Sovereign would have been seriously hurt. The footman caught the King in his arms, fortunately forgetting that Court tradition forbids anyone of such low grade to touch the Sovereign.

The Crisis in the Far East: Some Chinese Statesmen

BY A PEKING RESIDENT

THE first four Chinese statesmen whose portraits we publish may be considered as representing the *fine fleur* of their order. All four pushed themselves into notice by sheer ability, and by ability alone they have maintained their positions against all challengers. Their talents, however, are of very different kinds.

Li Hung Chang, the most famous of the four, first distinguished himself by the suppression—in conjunction with Gordon—of the Taiping Rebellion. He showed not only power of command, but great personal courage, as, for instance, when observed to stroll unconcernedly along the moat of a besieged town, twirling his jade thumb-ring, while the "Long-Haired Robbers" took pot shots at him from the wall. Li has since maintained a foremost position by his special touch of foreign affairs and his unfailing readiness to accept responsibility—which is a traditional dread of all Chinese officials. He has, as it were, been the hinge of the open door with foreigners. What originally took him to Tientsin was the failure of the great Tseng Kuo-fan to keep order there, as was shown in the 1870 massacre—chiefly of French Sisters of Mercy; and it has been remarked that he has preserved order in the province of Chihli so well that during his Viceroyalty of twenty-four years there has been no single missionary outrage. Although he had no portfolio he has nevertheless been *de facto* Minister for Foreign Affairs; and even when the Foreign Ministers did their best to keep him out of any negotiation, the Tsung-li-Yamen never dared to conclude anything without his approval. He has been blamed for many things, amongst others for the war with Japan and its failures. But it is only reasonable to consider that in his position of factotum for the Empire all failures necessarily lay at his door. The calibre of the man is shown by his having been at all times indispensable, and even now, at seventy-six, this quality he still maintains. His relation with the dynasty has been that of a loyal subject and energetic supporter.

Chang Chih-tung rose to distinction through his literary ability and the incisiveness of his pen. He has all his life been a reformer, but, like all Chinese reformers, he never knew how to take hold of the stick by the right end. While he was Governor of Shansi he made a rather frivolous attempt to prohibit the cultivation of the poppy. He was then thought to be the greatest hater of foreigners in the Empire. This passion found a congenial vent when the Imperial envoy, Chung Hou, came back with the Treaty of Livadia. Both Chang Chih-tung and the late Marquis Tseng memorialised the Throne, urging the capital punishment of the envoy for truckling to Russia. Times are indeed changed since then. It was found, however, that the truculence of Chang Chih-tung did not prevent him from holding friendly intercourse with the Protestant missionaries of his province. The well-known missionary,

Mr. Timothy Richard, the confidant of Kang Yü-wei succeeded in interesting the Governor in improvements and in works of charity; and had these two men, both of them quite earnest, continued for some years in close contact it cannot be doubted that some beneficial results would have appeared. Chang Chih-tung was appointed Viceroy of Canton in 1884, on his way to which post he made his first acquaintance with foreign officials in attending a reception given by the French admiral at Chefoo. At Canton he allowed his grandiose ideas to overrule his judgment, his particular weakness being the total disregard of money. The consequence of this was that he left the provincial finances in a state of hopeless confusion which would have ruined any other man than himself. His great cry may be said to have been "China for the Chinese!" and if he used foreign agencies at all it was with the distinct intention of employing Beelzebub to cast out Satan. This idea has marked his whole career as Viceroy of the Liang Hu, the two great central provinces—where he now is. He deprecated the construction of railways until China was able to supply the material. This led him to the erection of ironworks at Wuchang-fu, and it was characteristic of the crudeness of his knowledge that he made contracts with foreigners to import extensive machinery, without having arranged the site where the plant was to be erected. When the material arrived, his officials came to him and asked what to do with it, and the only answer they could get was "Put it up!" When these difficulties were eventually overcome, land procured, and the machinery erected, they could not smelt without coal, and when this new difficulty was explained to him he simply gave the order "Get coal!" The whole result was, of course, utter failure and the squandering of vast sums of money.

During the Japanese War he distinguished himself by submitting to the General in command a splendid stratagem by which the invader was to be annihilated. The stratagem consisted in digging a trench of immense length along the shore of the Gulf of Pechili, into which the Japanese were to fall as they landed. It is remarkable that the so-called General was as ignorant of military affairs as Chang Chih-tung himself, for he used almost his whole force at Shan Hai Kuan in digging the trench according to the prescription. Chang's reputation for absolute honesty, however, carries him triumphantly through everything. The Chinese say: "Chang Chih-tung can handle honey without licking his fingers," and on the strength of this good character he honestly squanders far

greater sums than his dishonest colleagues could, even with the best intentions, cost their country. Chang Chih-tung is full of the spirit of reform, but from such reformers as he the Chinese may well cry, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

Sheng Taotai is one of the best-looking and most exquisite-mannered Chinamen on record, while Chang Chih-tung is the reverse—being small, withered, and of rather an underhung, Voltairean cast of countenance. Whether in negotiation or presiding over a court of justice, he is always *suaviter in modo*, always reasonable and urbane. He will probably outwit you, but it is almost an agreeable experience. Sheng is a native of one of the richest cities in Chêkiang. His father was a respectable official, and his connections were of great service to him. He would be a first-rate man of business were it not that he works with such sharp tools that he frequently cuts his own hands. In the middle stage of his career, about fifteen years ago, his strategy consisted in the exploitation of two high officials. They were the two Superintendents of Trade, Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of Chihli, and Tso Tsung-tang, Viceroy of Kiangnan. These two officials between them controlled the commercial and industrial enterprise of the Empire. They were men of entirely different character, Tso being a plain, blunt man, incorruptible, and, therefore, invulnerable. His name will be known in legendary history in connection with his extraordinary march through the desert and reconquest of Kashgar from Yakub Beg. Fortunately for his reputation there were no war correspondents with his army, for the only real exploit was the report which his clever secretary made to deceive the Government at Peking. Sheng's real capacity for affairs was shown by his gaining the confidence of both Tso and Li while in the plenitude of their power. He could talk them over separately

supposed to have particular knowledge of foreign society ways, having been formerly Minister to Washington. He is a *persona grata* with foreigners on account of his genial and conciliatory manner. Till recently he commanded some influence as the personal friend of Prince Ching, and as a high Court official and favourite of the Emperor. But this has not saved him from the sentence of death, commuted to life banishment to Turkestan, which he is now undergoing by the fiat of the Empress.

It may be here remarked that the present Chinese representative at the Court of St. James's is, with one other exception, the only Chinese statesman who speaks a foreign tongue. No Tsung-li-Yamen Minister—not excluding Iisui, former Minister to Russia, who has been represented as a polyglot—speaks two words of anything but Chinese and Manchu.

Kang Yü-wei, who is about forty years of age, is a Cantonese, and for some time was a teacher at the Native College in Canton. Ten years ago he went to Peking, where he became one of the founders of the Reform Association, and although he never held an office of any importance, being in fact but a junior secretary of the Board of Works, yet he succeeded in winning the notice of the Emperor by means of memorials to the throne advocating the introduction of reform, and eventually the Emperor granted him the now historical audience, when Kang's eloquence moved the Emperor to astonish China and the world at large by the series of decrees which, amongst other innovations, were to alter the character of the literary and military examinations, to institute a national currency, and to found a University at Peking. The attempted reforms, it will be remembered, proved abortive, and resulted in the return of the old order of things with the Empress Dowager, the flight of Kang, and the execution of the other principal reformers, who went to their death much like the Christian Martyrs of old, affirming that "for every head which fell that day a thousand others would rise up for liberty and reform!"



SHENG TAOITAI



KANG YU-WEI



CHANG CHIH-TUNG



LI HUNG CHANG



SIR CHANG YIN-HUAN, G.C.M.G.

and by a different set of considerations to the support of his schemes, and on those occasions when he persuaded them to unite he stood like an acrobat on their shoulders and was invincible.

Amongst his schemes for gathering money was that of mining. The belief in the mineral wealth of China was taking hold of the public imagination, and Sheng adroitly put himself at the head of the mining adventurers. His cleverest stroke was to induce Li Hung Chang to sink capital in his undertakings. His mines perfectly answered the description quoted by the Lord Chief Justice to the Lord Mayor, *i.e.*, the property consisted solely of the office foolscap. There was a certain outcry, of course, but the idea of Sheng's disgorging to the unhappy contributors could not be entertained. The case was different with Li, and the subsequent relations between them afford an excellent practical illustration of their respective characters. The subordinate was held strictly to account, but naturally pleaded inability to pay—unless he were fortunate enough to obtain some lucrative appointment. This it was Li's business to attend to, and in spite of the discredit into which Sheng had got himself with the Government, Li put him into one rich pasture after another until he not only got his own money back but had made Sheng independent of his further patronage. So independent, indeed, that while the Japanese War was going on, wherein Sheng was Li's factotum, he is reputed to have kept up a secret correspondence with Li's enemies, which supplied them with the material for the Viceroy's subsequent impeachment.

Sir Chang Yin-huan, G.C.M.G., though the least distinguished of the quartette, is, next to Li Hung Chang, the best known in England, having been Special Ambassador at the Jubilee. He is

of an elevated sort. The other day I compared Burne-Jones with Spenser; here we have two large projects for wall-paintings suggested by the Faërie Queen, that show how true is the affinity I spoke of. Yet he could, as he has so often proved, enter with curious success into the feeling of Botticelli, as here in "The Bridemaids," or into that of Raphael, as in "Venus Discordia." Even more Raphael-like is he, and as nearly close to perfection in pose and touch and grace as he ever attained, in the full-length armed figure of "Justitia," drawn in water-colour and gold upon a blue ground, a little masterpiece that now belongs to the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham. Perhaps the most exquisite things of all are the twenty-nine highly finished pencil designs to illustrate Virgil—works of unsurpassable beauty in their own way, which, together with the Pygmalion series, compensate us for the absence of the beautiful mythological set which he wrought for Mr. Ruskin, and which now reposes in Taylor Gallery at Oxford, in the hands of jealous and unaccommodating trustees. Finally, there are the portraits, probably the weakest or the least accomplished of Burne-Jones's work; and the laughable series of comic drawings which stamp the artist—as I have before assured the readers of *The Graphic*—as a humorist of a high order, full of fun and droll ideas and quaint invention. Thus must Burne-Jones be remembered—not as the stern aesthete he was universally misunderstood to be; but as a draughtsman of infinite distinction and ability, who took a robust view of life, as merry as he was sensitive, and not more happy at his happy work than when he was delighting children with his jokes and laughter, and finding his highest pleasure in the happiness of the little ones whose love and sympathy he exchanged for his own.

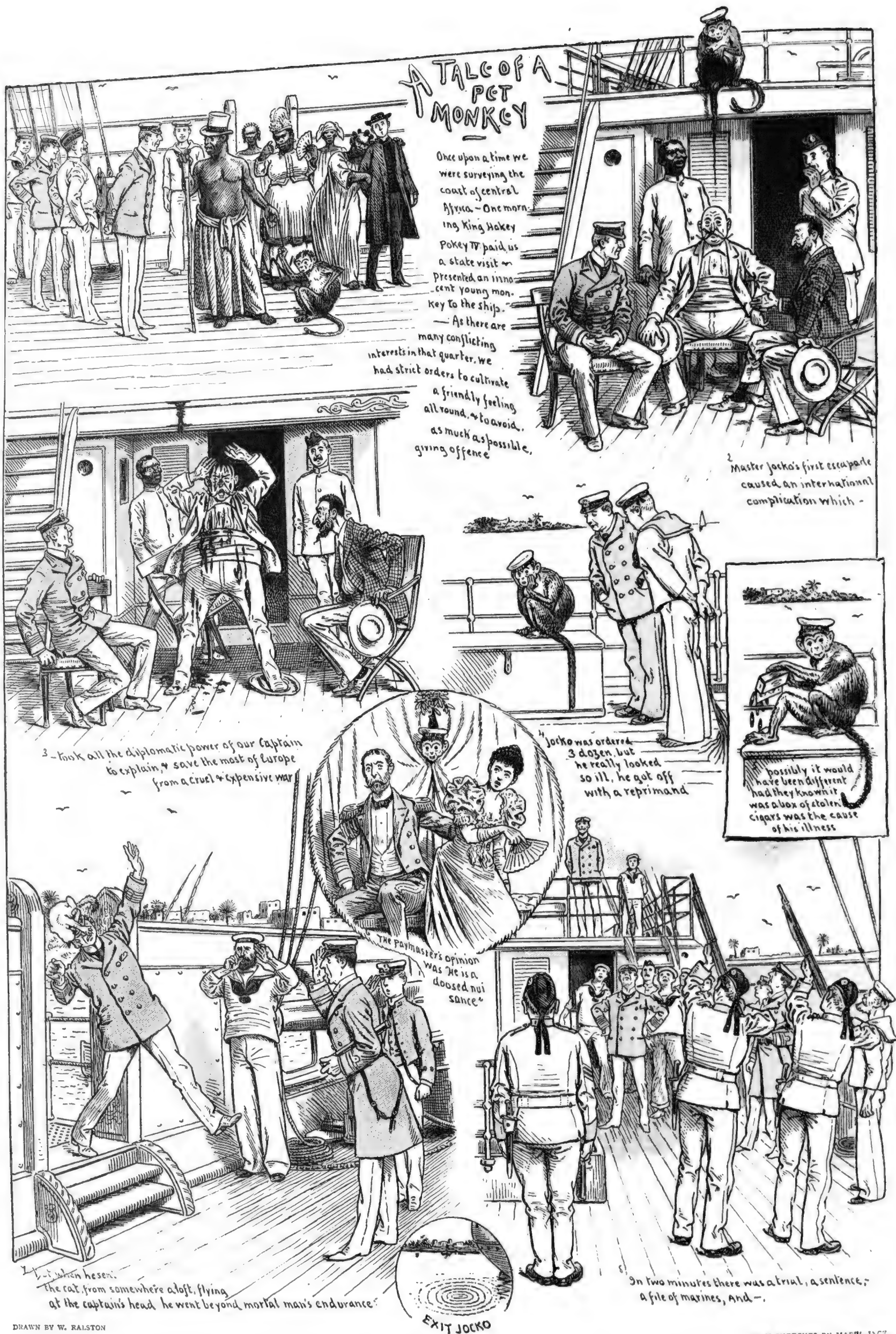
M. H. S.

Burne-Jones's Drawings at the Burlington Fine Arts Club

THERE are few, indeed, who know Burne-Jones's work so well that they will receive no thrill of unexpected pleasure at the wonderful display of drawings now on exhibition in Savile Row. They will find a good deal more than the studies for his pictures—such as they may often have seen before—the trials, sketches, and so forth. They will see here such works that their opinion of the master who has gone will rise higher and higher still, and they will realise that his genius had at least one other side that his pictures do not reveal.

Even in these lesser works Burne-Jones was always an artist of taste, delicate and refined in his most summary execution; who, moreover, was not content unless even in his studies he produced effects that were charming

in arrangement and colour. We have the pearliness of his pencil, as tender as silverpoint, and examples of most methods and every medium. We have studies in gold upon a turquoise or ultramarine ground; gold upon black or upon rich brown; olive on cream; brown on red or grey or pink; and black and white on green. There are pen-drawings of his early quasi-Pre-Raphaelite days, of such astounding conscientiousness of detail, minuteness of workmanship, and simplicity of execution that by little in their own line have they ever been surpassed. "The Waxen Image" is one of these; a picture of princess, witch, and magic spell, which takes an hour to examine thoroughly and properly to appreciate. There are painted and illuminated books, and designs inspired by the Bible and the classics, full of infinite fancy and of imagination



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Books on Sport and Pastime

IN dealing with the usual text-books of sport and pastime the reviewer's task is generally a selective one. It consists in excavating what is new or useful in the book, and in passing over in silence, or with the briefest words of condemnation, what is old or unnecessary. Most sporting books have a good deal that has thus to be tacitly condemned, and the volumes of the Badminton Library are by no means guiltless, a tendency to chapters of instruction—which instruct no one—and to padding of even less justifiable a type having grown upon them with years. This tendency, however, is not so palpable as usual in the book on Athletics by Montague Shearman (Longmans), which is a reprint, revised, enlarged, and brought up to date of the book on the same subject ten years ago. It might very well have been brought a little more up to date, for the record jump (24 ft. 0½ in.) of the Irish athlete Mr. Newborn, is left out, though the record was established six months ago; and, taking into account the great interest afforded by snap-shot photographs of athletic sports, one feels justified in complaining that some of the old-fashioned and unmeaning wood blocks have not found more modern substitutes. There are, however, some worthy additions to the volume, notably the chapters on athletics in the United States, and on training for racing. Such hints are things which the ordinary runner, unless he is of exceptional ability, or can afford to pay for professional instruction, usually cannot obtain anywhere.

No charge of padding can be brought against the "Encyclopædia of Sport" (Lawrence and Bullen), the second volume of which has just been completed. It is exactly what it pretends to be, an encyclopædia, and it adds to the fullest information on the most out-of-the-way branches of sport, good writing, fine illustration, and a sumptuous appearance. The breadth of its scope may be gathered from the names of some of its contributors—Mr. F. G. Aflalo on sea-fishing, Mr. Wilfred Blunt on the Arabian horse, Mr. Bryden on big game, Mr. Budd on Rugby football, Sir M. Conway on mountaineering, Mr. Theodore Cook on American football, Mr. Cunningham Graham on lazoing, Lord Dunraven on yachting, Mr. F. G. J. Ford on left-handed batting, Mr. C. B. Fry on the long jump, Mr. Grenfell on punting, Captain Hutton on the broadsword, Mr. R. G. Knowles on baseball, Sir Herbert Maxwell on salmon fishing, M. Prévost on fencing, Prince Ranjitsingh on batting and Tom Richardson on bowling, Mr. Selous on elephants and lions, Mr. W. Senior on angling, Major Vane Stow on military sports, and Mr. W. Winans on revolver-shooting. Comment is superfluous on this list, which might be greatly extended, and which in nearly every case assigns the article on any given subject to the men who more than any others are practically acquainted with it.

Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson's book of "Reminiscences of the Court, the Camp, the Chase" (Edward Arnold) is a breezy, vivacious volume, embodying the memories of a man of the world who has lived his life and loved it. His recollections of racing, hunting and campaigning have the ring of Whyte-Melville's novels about them. The Colonel's contemporaries will read his autobiography with interest, for the book is stuffed with interesting

anecdotes, and the style carries one along vivaciously from point to point in the steeplechase of life for the best part of half a century. We have read many more pretentious autobiographies which have been sorry stuff by comparison with that of Colonel Meysey-Thompson. From the same publisher comes another volume of "Reminiscences," those of Frank Gillard, who, from 1860 to 1896, was huntsman with the Belvoir Hounds. Frank Gillard has called in the aid of the practised pen of Mr. Cuthbert Bradley ("Whipster" of *Land and Water*) to throw his reminiscences into literary form. Hunting men will appreciate the tales of past runs told by this veteran retainer of the House of Manners, who dedicates them to his old master, the sixth Duke of Rutland. The spirit in which he approaches his subject breathes in the following pretty passage:—"The memory of my hounds is very dear to me; their individuality has left a lasting impression on my mind like that of human friends, which only death can cancel. It was beautiful to have to hunt such hounds."

Three volumes on fishing are the next in the batch of sporting books before us. Of these the most important is a new volume of the handsome "Sportsman's Library," which is being issued by Mr. Edward Arnold under the supervision of Sir Herbert Maxwell. "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed," by William Scrope, commends itself to the eye by the excellence of its printing, and of its illustrations. For the angler it has more solid merits, and we doubt not that it will be found in the library of most lovers of the king of fish in his Scottish home have never been better described. The other two fishing publications, "Fishing and Fishers," by J. Paul Taylor (Ward, Lock, and Co.), and a new edition of "The Modern Angler," by "Otter" (L. Upcott Gill), are handy little handbooks, each of them full of useful all-round information.

"Over Fen and Wold," by James John Hissey (Macmillan and Co.), belongs to an order of books which deserves encouragement from the Press and the public. Although a good many Englishmen have awaked (largely through the spread of cycling) to the beauties of their own country, it is still true that most people regard Eastern England as being, in respect of natural beauty, flat and unprofitable. Lincolnshire, in particular, is almost universally regarded as devoid of scenic attractions. In the course of a driving tour Mr. Hissey of scenic attractions. In the course of a driving tour Mr. Hissey found, he says, "Lincolnshire to be a country of hills as well as of fens, and we were charmed with the scenery thereof, which is none the less beautiful because it is neither famed nor fashionable. Some day it may become both. Lincolnshire scenery awaits discovery! Hitherto the pleasure-traveller has not found it out, but that is his loss!" The record of Mr. Hissey's journey "in search of the picturesque," and the sketches of Lincolnshire scenery, go far to justify his defence of its unappreciated beauties.

"Figure Skating," by Montagu S. Monier-Williams (A. D. Innes and Co.), forms the seventh volume of the "Isthmian Library." This book will afford the aspirant an exhaustive account of the theory and practice of figure skating. Special attention is devoted by the author to the subject of continuous figures which have come into vogue in this country during the past few years in consequence, no doubt, of the introduction of artificially frozen ice rinks in London.

The Life of Lewis Carroll

THERE are some writers, and they are usually great writers, who, without taking their readers into their confidence, yet inspire something like a personal affection for themselves. For the author of "Alice in Wonderland" nearly everybody must have felt some of the affection which the book claimed in people of all ages and of many habits of mind, but by a singular, though not unpleasant, contradiction of circumstance, there have been few popular idols who have been so little known to their public. People knew vaguely that "Lewis Carroll" was an Oxford lecturer; but this was down from the first generation of children for whom it was written to the second. Mr. S. D. Collingwood's life of his uncle paints a portrait which one can recognise as that of the author whose shy dignity and reserve hid him from his readers while he would rather have left unwritten. There seems nothing incongruous in the life now that it has been told; nothing contradictory in the fact that the grave Oxford don who lived all his life in Peckwater Quad, Christ Church, and whose individuality had in a sense merged itself in that of the University, should have written the best and the wittiest children's book of his generation—a classic among such literature as inevitable as the tales of Hans Andersen or "Struwwelpeter." To his fellows and his friends he was a clever logician and mathematician with a turn for dry anecdote and a witty tongue, which in matters affecting University affairs sometimes was translated into a witty pen. But into his grave personality was woven a very beautiful affection for children, and Alice's adventures were first told to an audience of three little girls. So it came about that what might have been regarded as merely a strand in his character became the chief woof in his uneventful life, a life of great sweetness and generosity. It is the great merit of Mr. Collingwood's book that these things are told simply, naturally and restrainedly; and this brief notice of it may fitly conclude with a sentence from its pages which reads almost like an epitaph. "He was a man of deep piety, and of a rather grave and reserved disposition, which, however, was tempered by the most generous charity, so that he was universally loved by the poor."

* "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (the Rev. C. L. Dodgson)." By S. D. Collingwood. (Fisher Unwin.)

GREAT BRITAIN, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY are considered to have sent in the most effective plans for the examples of national architecture which foreign countries will erect along the banks of the Seine in the Paris 1903 Exhibition. England will copy an old seventeenth century house, and furnished with a rare collection of furniture, pictures, and art treasures lent by rich collectors of *tric-a-brac*. Belgium has chosen a miniature production of one of the finest specimens of pure Flemish architecture, the Town Hall at Oudenarde, while Germany is to be represented by a modern castle on the Rhine. The German Commissioners wanted to copy the quaint old Town Hall at Lindau, on the Lake of Constance, but Emperor William preferred a modern example. Italy, Austria, and Spain are obliged to make fresh plans, the designs sent in being judged unsuitable.

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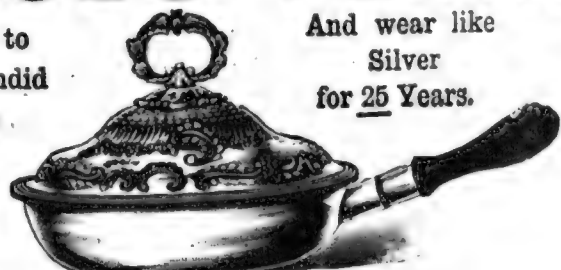
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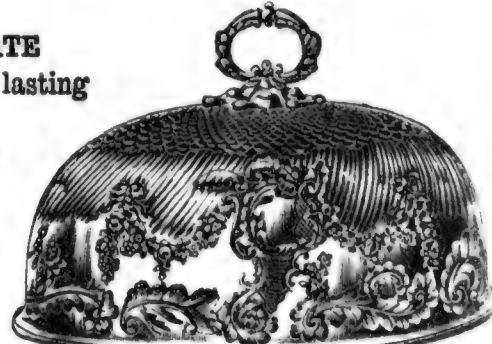


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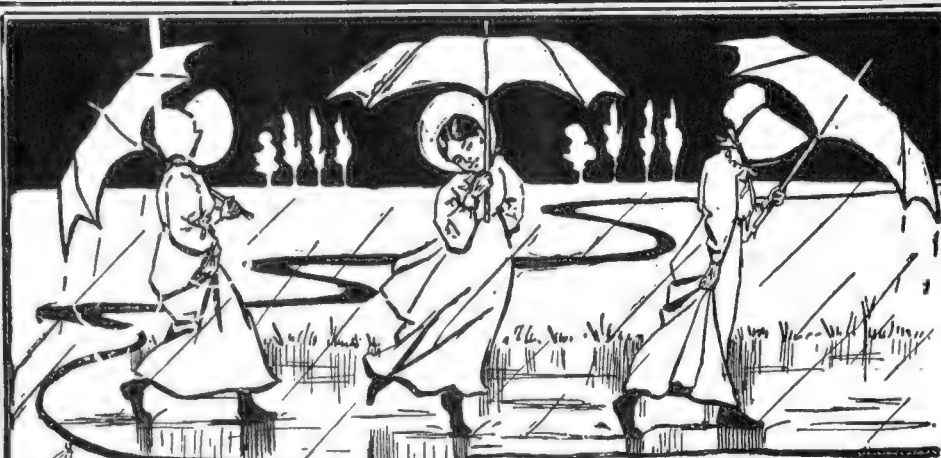
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Three little maids went out one day,
Out in the rain—the deuce to pay—
Caught bad colds, as I've heard say,
Three little maids had coughs.

Playing and dancing all are done,
No more parties, no more fun;
Life is a choke that's just begun,
Three little maids with coughs.

One little maid in a fit of sneezing,
Nose all red, the reverse of pleasing,
Given to any amount of wheezing,
Three little maids with coughs.

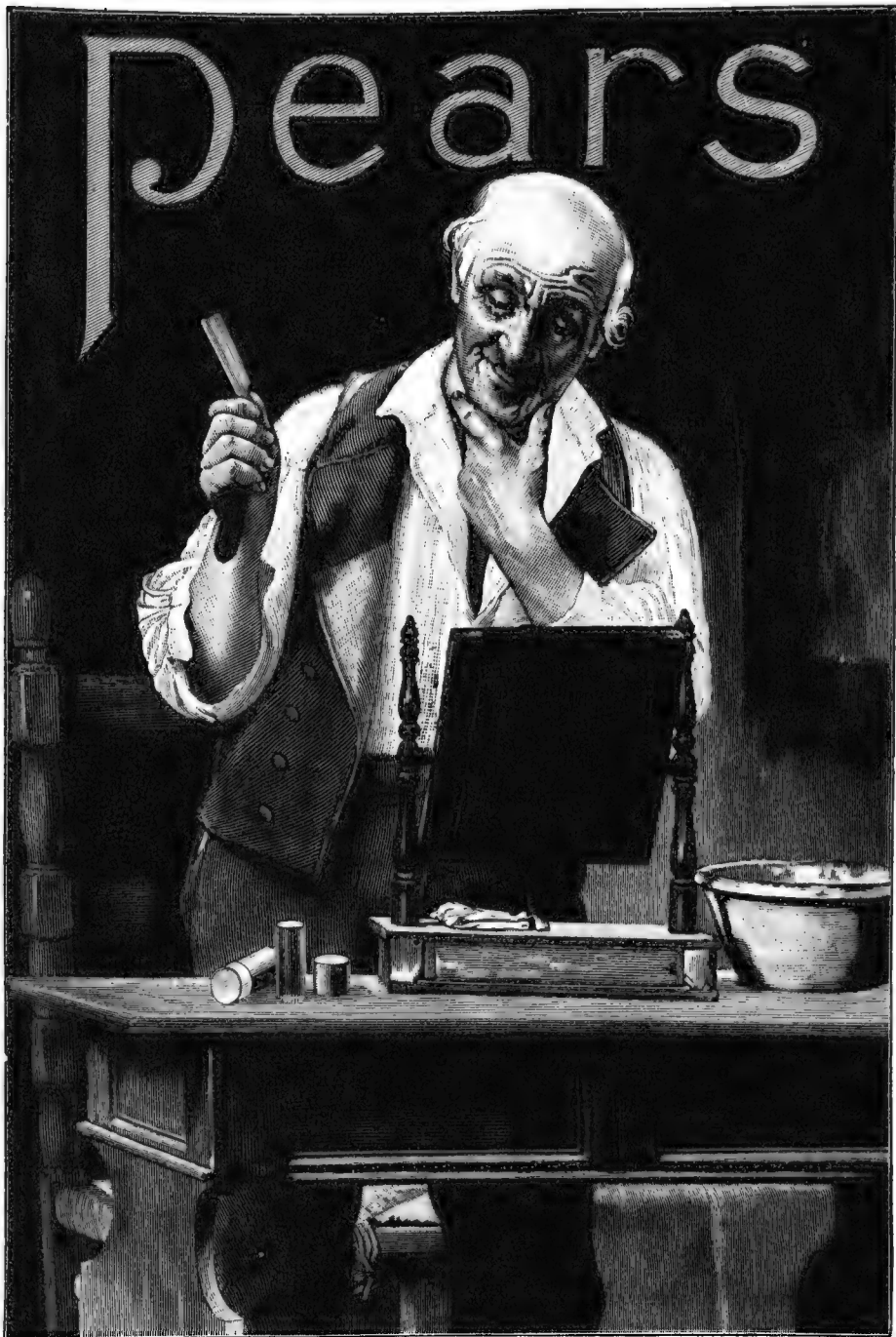
One little maid had a cold in her head,
What 'can be "horrid"? more
ill-bred;
Two little maids retired to their bed,
Three little maids with coughs.

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES cured all three,
Made them as well as well could be,
Sure to cure you, and safe to cure me,
Whenever we get bad coughs.



If you cough
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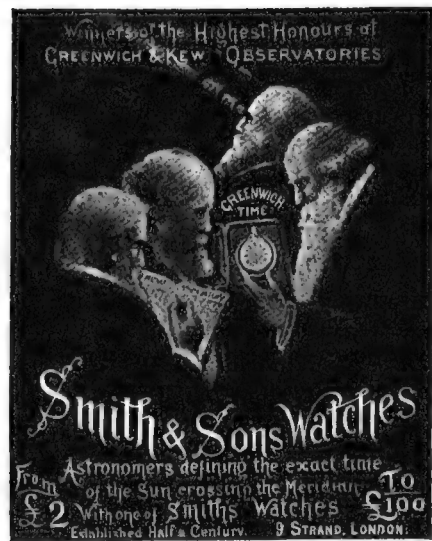


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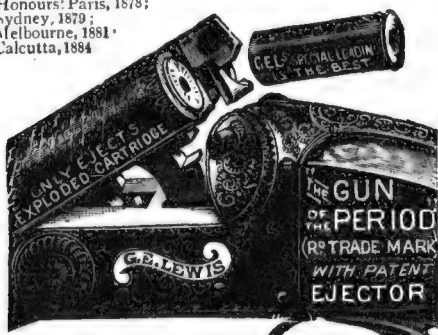
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New Novels

"A HAUNTED TOWN"

It is becoming curious to note how frequently the part of villain is at present played by a successful minor poet. In "A Haunted Town"—St Andrews to wit—by Ethel F. Heddle (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.), the long-haired poet and fortune-hunter, Rayne, Roupell, is appropriately contrasted with the ever popular Scottish country doctor, big and stalwart, slow of tongue, but a splendid fellow when you come to know him. Add to these that ever delightful old Scots lady as sharp as she is kind, and the no less ever delightful old Scots servant who shows her devotion to her



EVENING DRESS

Of eau de Nil satin, silver-spangled lace, and brown fur. Dark brown velvet at waist.

mistress by tyranny, and there is a list of the main materials out of which Miss Heddle has woven a pretty a love story as can be desired. The gentle old lady who devotes her life to the defence of Mary Queen of Scots without the least capacity for the work, and happily dies in the assurance of a quite imaginary triumph, forms a pathetic figure in many respects.

"PRISONERS OF HOPE"

A very sombre story, never even at the close emerging from a twilight of evening rather than of dawn, is Constance Smith's "Prisoners of Hope" (A. D. Innes and Co.). A clerical philanthropist working in Pentonville falls into scepticism through trying to answer the difficult questions put to him by the theologians of his slums, and into domestic misery through his wife's selfish frivolity, to give it no harsher name. Then there is a journalistic philanthropist, working in the same mission, whose sweetheart sets him the dangerous task of saving the clergyman's wife from herself, misunderstands the consequences, and dies without a reconciliation. And the very strongest scene in the novel is the narrow escape of her lover, believing himself misunderstood to the end, from suicide. The reader, however, who is not deterred by a sea of troubles of which the above are but a few of the waves, will find in the novel all the interest that can be conferred by clear purpose and vigorous portraiture.

"THE MODERN GOSPEL"

"It's a gospel of Dirt and Nothing
They preach in these thinking days"

is the title-page motto of Mrs. H. H. Penrose's new novel (Archibald Constable and Co.). Under the influence of a group of clever materialists, Phyllis Tregenvay, who has made some reputation in fiction and verse, undergoes a temporary loss of faith, and escapes from the influence of her husband, which is all for good, to conduct a more than merely up-to-date magazine. Meanwhile her sister Elvie falls into the matrimonial clutches of a certain fiend in human form, Martin Roper by name, who carries his vivisectionist enthusiasm so far as to perform some horrible experiment or other on his own newly born child, and does not scruple at cold-blooded murder in order to provide himself with funds for his researches. So far as "The Modern Gospel" is an anti-vivisectionist novel, it certainly goes beyond the limits of controversial prudence. So far as it is a criticism of current art and philosophy it is generally sensible and always wholesome; and so far as it is a story it is interesting and well worth reading.

"A DELIVERANCE"

"This talk seemed to Ursula somewhat forced and wild," says Mr. Allan Monkhouse *à propos* of one of the innumerable and interminable conversations in his novel of "A Deliverance" (John Lane). Ursula was herself a professional reviewer; and we are quite sure that her evidently able criticism of a portion of the work would have been extended to the whole. The story deals, so far as we may profess to comprehend it, with the morbid conditions, bodily and mental, of a literary man named Scarle, who, as between the aforesaid Ursula and a certain Mrs. Brayshaw, cannot, like honest Captain Macheath, be "happy with either," but cannot be happy without both at once. And, so far as we can gather, the ladies seem to accept the situation, even to the defiance of scandal.

"A RED BRIDAL"

The entire annals of heroism contain nothing more heroic than the resistance of the Tyrol to Napoleon at the height of his power. That the subject has fascinated Mr. William Westall into writing a second novel—"A Red Bridal" (Chatto and Windus)—upon the subject, and dedicating it "To the Memory of Andreas Hofer" is natural; that he should impart a large share of his own fascination to his readers goes without saying in the case of so picturesque and always interesting a writer. Everybody who enjoyed "With the Red Eagle"—that is to say, everybody who read it—will be well-advised to seek, and find, the same thrill of excitement in "A Red Bridal," which deals with the same grand story from the point of view of a gallant young gentleman who shared in the utmost of what was done and suffered for Kaiser, Faith, and Fatherland.



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Of amber satin. Bodice of black jet on black net. Vest of white mou-seline de soie, and black velvet bow. Under-kirt of the mou-seline spangled black jet.

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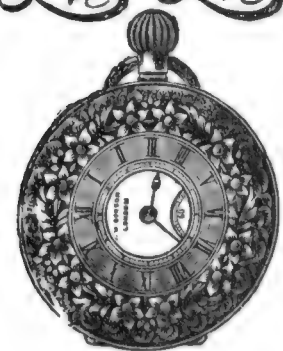
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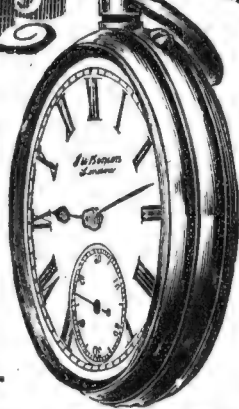
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Scraps

A "VAN DYCK EXHIBITION" is to be opened in Antwerp this summer on the plan of the Rembrandt Exhibition lately so successful in Amsterdam.

PARIS WILL HAVE HER UNDERGROUND RAILWAY in time for the fêtes of 1900. The contractors have undertaken to complete the line right across Paris, from east to west, by January 14 next, and the works are already well advanced.

RAILWAY WHISTLES inflict torture on so many English people that the efforts abroad to check the plague will be followed with interest. Austria has introduced a system of dumb signalling to start and stop the trains, Belgium is trying compressed air whistles instead of steam, and Germany experiments with horns.

GUESTS INVITED TO A PARTY in China are not likely to forget their engagement. The host always sends out three separate invitations—one two days before the entertainment, another on the day itself, and a third just before the hour named, so as to show his impatience for his visitor's arrival.

THE ORDINARY BANK CHEQUE is good enough for most of us, even the wealthiest man or woman. Not so across the Atlantic. One of the New York banks where most of the fashionable ladies keep accounts, issues most gorgeous cheque-books to its depositors. On the cover is the owner's monogram, while the cheques are printed in gold from exquisitely engraved plates.

SOME PIQUANTE DIPLOMATIC REVELATIONS may be expected from the memoirs now being compiled by Princess Metternich, who was so prominent a figure at the Court of the Tuileries during the closing years of the Empire. The Princess intends to show the important part played by her husband, then Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to France, in the Austro-Italian War and the last days of the Napoleonic era, Prince Metternich having been present when the Empress Eugénie fled from the Tuileries.

AN "EXHIBITION OF FAIR WOMEN"—on the same plan as the London displays of feminine portraits—creates much excitement in New York. The exhibition is for a charitable cause, and all the Society leaders and fashionable women have lent their portraits for the occasion. Further, the ladies take turns in giving afternoon teas for the benefit of the charity, and make a goodly harvest through the curiosity of those who come to gaze, not at the pictures, but at the members of the "Four Hundred" in their smartest gowns.

OUR SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS would have a rare field of action in Chicago. No lion ever lives long in the Chicago Zoo—twenty-seven have died within the last ten years—and experts declare that the beasts get "rickets" from improper feeding and confinement. Accordingly a diet of live dogs is prescribed for the latest sick lion, and all healthy dogs found straying in the streets are impounded for the Zoo. Humane people are very angry at such cruelty, but the experts say it is the only cure possible.

A SHARP WATCH OVER THE TONGUE is necessary in Germany nowadays, where a careless remark easily brings the speaker under the heavy hand of the law. Only the other day a workman attending his father's funeral was overcome with grief as he turned away from the grave, and sobbed out, "Farewell, we shall never meet again." His words were reported to a magistrate, who summoned the workman for an outrage against public morals by denying the immortality of the soul, and sentenced him to fifteen days' imprisonment.

MR. KILBURN'S presentment of one of those episodes which, in a hunting country, sometimes stamp themselves vividly on the childish mind, will possibly recall many memories of similar experiences. The writer well remembers, as a child, the despair with which the pack used to be viewed as they turned the corner of some narrow lane with banks far too high and precipitous to be as easily negotiated as in the present instance. This fear, it should be said, was largely augmented by grim stories with which one's childish fancy used to be regaled of the ferociousness of the much-dreaded hounds. Were they not in the habit of falling upon and devouring strangers who ventured within the precincts of their kennels, and was there not a well-known case when the whip, disturbed by some noise among his flock, went out in *deshabille*, and, being unrecognised, even he, their long familiar friend, was mauled and mangled? Little wonder that, with all these precedents, discretion seemed the better part of valour, and one's spirits only rose when from some point of vantage one saw the pink of the whipper-in disappearing with his fearsome charges in the distance. Our second supplement will appeal just now to those fond parents who have been blessed with the company of their children during the Christmas holidays. The childish mind is very fertile in providing forms of amusement, though mothers occasionally get fearful when the children are too quiet with the prescience that mischief is brewing, and are ready, like the lady in the story, to send some one to see what Tommy is doing, and tell him not to. In the present instance, however, the combination of history and pleasure ought to have gratified the powers of the household far more than they were disturbed by the temporary obstruction of the staircase by the all-important clue.

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Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Sec. of THE GRAPHIC Gordon College List, 190. Strand, London, W.C.

"DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, AND COMPANIONAGE" (Dean and Son), of which the edition for 1899 is just issued, has now reached its 186th issue, and, like all books of the kind, shows a steady inclination to increase in bulk. It now contains 950 pages. The preface is always of interest. There we learn that 5 Peers, 9 Baronets, 6 Privy Counsellors, 110 new Knights have been created during the past year, and 205 gentlemen have been made Companions or Members of the various Orders. The alterations necessary through the deaths of holders of titles, and the new names that are added, each must entail a vast amount of careful work, and it is wonderful to see how accurate and trustworthy "Debrett" is. It is, as usual, well up to date, and contains the honours conferred for the Tirah and Nile Expeditions.—"The British Almanac" (Charles Lettis and Co.) contains a vast mass of information in its four hundred pages. Besides containing a Peerage in brief, and giving lists of the higher clergy, Parliament, Navy, Army, and the official world, and facts about the colonies and foreign countries, it gives information upon countless subjects not easily found elsewhere.—"The Royal Navy List Diary and Naval Handbook" (Witherby and Co.), which is issued in conjunction with "Lean's Royal Navy List," though not strictly a book of reference, contains so much historical and statistical information, respecting the Navy, its administration, strength, stations, and cost, that it may well be counted as such. It is a complete naval almanac, and contains a summary of the year's naval progress, and following the letterpress is a diary arranged for the use of officers.—"English Clubs" (Spottiswoode and Co.), which is edited by Mr. E. C. Austen Leigh, M.A., is a useful little volume containing a list of over 2,600 clubs frequented by the English in all parts of the world. The book is printed in tabular form, and notes the names of secretaries, dates of establishment, entrance fees, and subscriptions of the clubs mentioned. Among them are over 700 golf clubs. It is interesting to notice that Buluwayo boasts of four clubs, and that there is already one established at Wei-Hai-Wei.—"The Guide to South Africa" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), which is edited annually by A. Sampler Brown and G. Gordon Brown for the Castle Mail Packet Company, appears now for the sixth year in succession. The volume is well arranged, has some excellent maps, and should prove equally useful to tourists and settlers. It may also be justly termed a Gazetteer of South Africa, for the Index is thorough, and there is no place of any importance that cannot be found in it.—"Cairo and Egypt" (Simkin, Marshall and Co.), by Hallil J. Kemeid, a second and re-written edition of which is just issued, is a pleasantly written little volume, with several illustrations, which should be useful now that Cairo is becoming more and more a resort of English holiday-makers.—"The Live Stock Journal Almanac" (Vinton and Co.) is an invaluable publication to country gentlemen, farmers, and others engaged in breeding and rearing live stock. Several articles by well-known experts are to be found in the Annual, which also contains useful tables of fairs and markets, a breeders' directory, and other well arranged and useful information.—"Paris Parisien" (T. Fisher Unwin), which has reached its third year of publication, is designed to inform the stranger of what must be seen and what must be known in Paris. That part of it which is devoted to describing what the Parisian really is, and which contains a kind of lecture on manners, or rather etiquette, in Paris, will certainly make English readers smile.

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FEARFUL ODDS: THE PERILS OF A HUNTING COUNTRY



1. Flo is inspired with the idea of enacting the story of "Fair Rosamund" because, he says, she was so nice and wicked



2. Flo was "Fair Rosamund" and she had a lovely bower on the top of a flower stand. Then we mixed up some beautiful poison with ink and dust, but just because she was going to drink the poison she would keep objecting to what we put in

Fair Rosamund's Bower

A disastrous attempt to enact one of the most picturesque incidents in the life of an unfortunate lady

Dramatis Personae { Fair Rosamund .. Flo
Queen Eleanor .. Dorothy
Stage Manager .. Bob



3. So we dressed up Dorothy as Queen Eleanor and made her like a wicked Queen with ink



4. Though we told her she ought to stand like this

5. But we had to take Rosamund out of the bower before we had poisoned her properly because there was an awful row on the stairs



6. This is how it always ends when we have a little fun

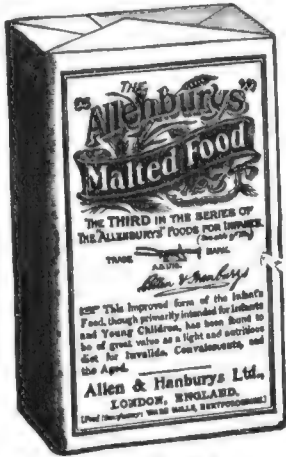


7. And there was Jane trying to show Uncle Jack downstairs, and they both got mixed up in the clue and were spoiling it



8. Then we made a clue of string and carried it right downstairs into the conservatory

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specially adapted to the first three months of life.

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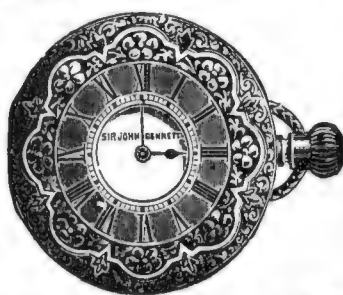
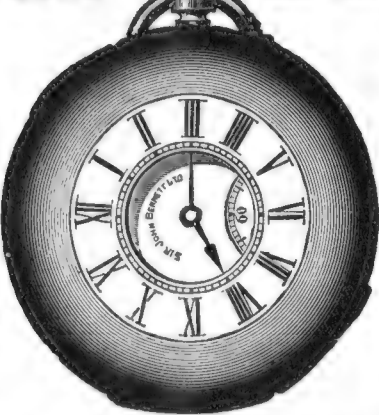
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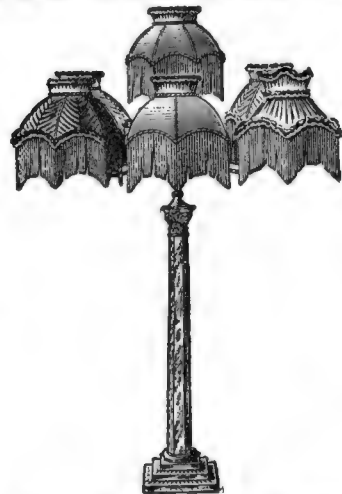
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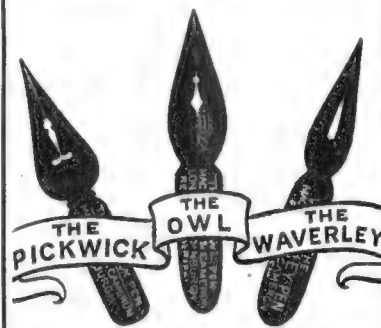
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In White or useful French Grey. 2/- A PROVED SUCCESS FOR EMPHOINT.

With Webbing Belt, special arrangement of front bones and adjustable straps. Kept in two lengths for Long or Medium Waisted Figures.

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INVALID CHILDREN'S AID ASSOCIATION, 18, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Patron: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

This Society, which already has nearly 3,000 cases of invalid children on its books, has the past year added 650 to the long list of little sufferers, for whose assistance it was created. For many of the children treatment in convalescent Hospitals and Nursing Homes is essential, while many of the permanently crippled require special training to enable them to earn their living.

Funds are needed to meet the heavy expenses necessarily incurred. More “Visitors” willing to undertake the work of befriending children in their own homes are also greatly needed.

Hon. Secretary, Mr. ALLEN D. GRAHAM.

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SHAVING is risky, too, unless you have just the right shaving soap. In many soaps, disease germs, rank poison, smarting and burning sensations are the Hidden Rocks that threaten your safety, health and comfort. Don't shave with soaps you know nothing about. Trust only in shaving soaps of known purity and long-established reputation.

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"A MARVEL."



This poor little babe of
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Was the sickliest child
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On her pillow she lay
Till "Frame Food" won
the day,
And she's happier now
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Mrs. MINCHALL, 141, Farrant Avenue, Noel Park, Wood Green, N.,
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"Sirs,—I can not help being thankful to your Food for restoring my baby to health. She was poorly from birth, and up to three months did not get on at all, and wasted away till she was nothing but a frame of skin and bone—in fact, resembled a monkey more than a child—and had to be laid on a soft pillow. The doctors at Ormond Street Hospital told me she would not live another week; indeed, one could not wish her to live; but a friend gave me some of your Food to try (she was giving it to her own baby), and I did so. From that time I can safely say she gained flesh with such rapidity that it was marvellous. She got so fat and heavy, it was trying to nurse her, and my friends are continually remarking what a marvel she is."

(All testimonials published by the Frame Food Co. are absolutely unsolicited and gratuitously given.)

"Frame Food" Diet

supplies the *Organic Phosphates, Albuminoids*, and other constituents necessary for the full development of the bones and muscles of growing CHILDREN,

and is easily digested by the YOUNGEST INFANTS.

It builds up the strength of INVALIDS wasted by disease. To expectant and nursing mothers it is invaluable, as it helps to replace the loss in the maternal system, and adds largely to the value of the milk as a food; and as "FRAME FOOD" DIET is composed of all the constituents forming a perfect food, it should be taken by all who seek to preserve their health.

Most Nutritious.

Very Digestible.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and EVERYBODY.

Sold Everywhere in Tins, 1 lb. at 1/-, 4 lbs. at 3/0.

"Frame Food" Jelly

like "FRAME FOOD" DIET, contains the *Organic Phosphates and Albuminoids* (extracted from Wheat Bran) which are vitally necessary for developing the Human Frame, and invigorate and strengthen at every period of life. It possesses the nutritive and digestive properties of Malt Extract, is much cheaper and more palatable. Children eat it readily on bread and butter or in puddings, and grow stout and strong when using it. It builds up the strength of the invalid; it keeps the athlete in perfect condition; and adults find it invigorates and vitalises all the functions of the body.

Nourishing as Malt Extract; Delicious as Jam.

Sold in Air-Tight Covered Jars of about 1 lb. at 9d.

1 lb. Sample "FRAME FOOD" DIET, or Sample 5-oz. Jar of "FRAME FOOD" JELLY sent FREE on receipt of 3d. for postage; both Samples sent for 4d. for postage. Mention this Paper.

FRAME FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

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The International Health Association, organised to supply the public with standard preparations of sterling merit, and whose remarkably successful productions are esteemed wherever tried, has decided to make an important sacrifice to familiarise the Public with the best, most scientific, and most agreeable Cures for a

COUGH

namely, the CLARION COUGH CURE—delicious in flavour and extraordinary in efficacy. Any reader of this advertisement who mentions this paper, and who will call at or send to the New Offices, 110 & 111, STRAND (near Hotel Cecil), any time during this winter, will be presented with one 2/9 Bottle for 1/9. In order to ensure that the large number of Bottles which we are thus offering below cost shall be widely distributed, we shall be compelled to limit each application to One Bottle only.

To save any of our numerous patrons from calling

NEEDLESSLY

at the old Premises, we beg to draw attention to the above New Address, to which we have removed in consequence of the demolition of the Old Palace of Henry VIII., Fleet Street.

Whether for child or adult, no Cough Cure is more pleasing or effective than the "CLARION" COUGH CURE,

in Bottles at 1/1½ and 2/9 (the latter three times the size of the former).

I.H.A., 110 & 111, STRAND, LONDON, makers of the Clarion Pastilles and Royal-Clarion Voice Pills.



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Mr. Edwd. Edwardes and a host of other distinguished persons.

"Your Royal-Clarion Voice Pills are marvellous. I take one before every performance." (Signed) SARAH BERNHARDT. 1896.

Clergymen, Barristers, Orators, Musicians, Teachers, Military Officers, and Hospital Nurses know the intrinsic value of the "Clarion" brand preparations of the International Health Association. Should your Chemist not stock them, send direct to I.H.A., 110 & 111, STRAND, London. Do not experiment with unknown compositions.

A Hospital Nurse writes:—"For over five years I had suffered from relaxed and hospital throat. Am much better after first box. Your Royal-Clarion Voice Pills are truly excellent."

Clarion Cough Cure, in Bottles, 1/1½ and 2/9. Royal-Clarion Voice Pills, in Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9. Clarion Pastilles, in Tins, 1/1½ and 2/9.

Omnibuses from all parts pass the door of our New Premises, 110 and 111, STRAND.

submitted in this form are likely to receive more and more of butchers' attention; in fact, the fat beasts of the Show are already regarded as more of a suburban attraction than as worthy the consideration of the first-class butchers with a big West End or hotel connection. Butchers, it may be noticed in passing, are a class of tradesmen who scarcely ever advertise, and the prize-winner from a show is a form of advertisement that is not likely to go out of favour in a hurry. The extreme value of space in London, however, forbids the chief butchers from having premises in which a living animal can be shown, and this particular attraction accordingly becomes every year more and more suburban. What the butchers are finding out from the block test is that animals bought as carcasses show a greater proportion of good lean meat to the whole weight of the carcass than do animals bought alive, allowance being made, of course, in the latter case, for the usual difference between live and dead meat. It is only fair to state, however, that the very best of the living animals shown have stood the block test well. Thus, the Queen's Champion Devon heifer has given 64·81 per cent. dressed, and Lord Coventry's fine Hereford heifer the still more remarkable return of 66·76 per cent.

BERKSHIRE, HAMPSHIRE, AND SURREY

These three counties hold a yearly agricultural show under the name of the Royal Counties Agricultural Exhibition. Their precise claim to this title has never been made very clear, but with the

present year it receives what probably will be regarded by most as an ample *cachet*. Her Majesty the Queen has most graciously accepted the Honorary Presidency for 1899, and the Show of the year is to be held early in June in the Royal Park at Windsor. The balance sheet for 1898, which is before us, shows that the past year was successful, and that the Show at Portsmouth more than paid its way. The Royal Counties, therefore, seem going on from strength to strength. We understand that Prince Christian will act for the Queen in all the cases where the President usually attends, and that thus the Royal patronage of the Society will be effected in the fullest sense. Mr. C. Simmonds has retired from the Secretaryship, after having worked up the Society to its present high standard of efficiency, and he has had the pleasure of seeing his son, Mr. C. F. Simmonds, unanimously elected to the vacant post. We see no reason why the Royal Counties Society should not, by adding Kent and Sussex to their "region," become the Home Counties Show, and thereby assume at once a position next to that of the "Bath and West of England."

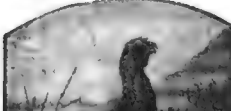
PRICE CHANGES IN THE YEAR

A list of two dozen agricultural staples commonly sold at Mark Lane ranges from English wheat to Egyptian cotton seed. For several years past the *Field* has published in an easy reference form the prices made for each of these staples at the last market of the old year, such comparison enabling the reader to see at a glance which staples are receding and which are advancing in value.

English wheat on December 30 last was lower than in 1897, 1896, or 1891, but higher than in 1895, 1894, 1893 or 1892. Thus on an average of four years against three the tithe rent charge should at last begin to amend. Good flour follows wheat, being cheaper and dearer for the same years. Barley seems to be fetching a very fair price; it was dearer in 1891 and 1893, but on the average of seven years there is a substantial improvement. Oats are dearer than they have been since 1891, and the improvement extends to Russian and American as well as to English sorts. The price of Indian corn is fairly high, and so is that of Egyptian cotton seed. Linseed is cheap just now, and being an excellent fattening food to add to the rations of live stock in winter, we may anticipate a good sale for it as soon as the weather becomes frosty.

FOWLS

The following is a brief catechism on the subject of poultry :—1. Which are the biggest birds? Brahmas, Cochins, Langshens, La Flèches. 2. Which are the hardiest? Cochins, English Game, Leghorns, Malays, Minorcas, and Scotch grey fowls. 3. In which breeds may fine table quality be most surely relied upon? Dorkings, English Game, La Flèches. 4. Which are the best layers? Spanish, Andalusians, Minorcas, Hamburgs and Leghorns. 5. Which are the best sitters? Dorkings, Plymouth Rocks and English Game fowls. We do not suggest that this list is an ideal selection, but it will serve for the ordinary man who is fond of poultry without being a "fancier."



GLOAG'S PERTH WHISKY.

The Famous
GROUSE BRAND from **GROUSE LAND**
PUREST, OLDEST, MELLOWEST, BEST.

40/- per doz. Cash, Carriage paid.
 Sample Bottle by post, 3/8. Export 21/- per case, f.o.b.

MATTHEW GLOAG,
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From All Wine Merchants.

BEKMANN'S
(ST. PETERSBURG)
DRY AND RICH
KÜMMEL
OF THE TZARS
A DELICIOUS LIQUEUR
AND A SPLENDID DIGESTIVE.

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Samples free from the Sole Agents—
A. BECKMANN & Co.,
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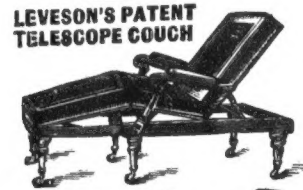
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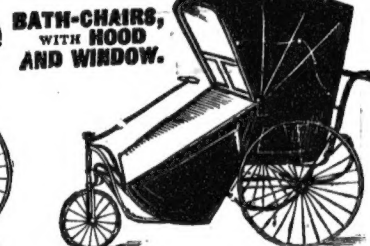
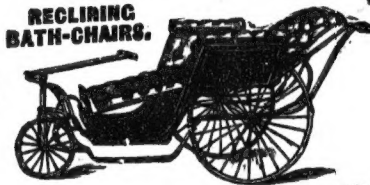
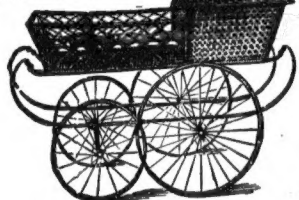
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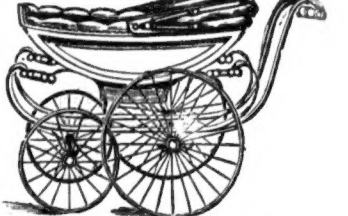
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